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THE LITTLE MAIDS' REPLY.

(A True Incident.)

By Charles Lee.

The little maiden opened wide the door
To let the honored Washington depart:
The great-souled General, her mother's friend —
The first in war, in peace, in every heart.

"A better office to you, dear," said he,
And placed his hand benignly on her head.
With curtsy quaint and reverent, smiling glance—
"Yes, sir; to let you in," she archly said.



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THE GIBSON BOY.

(Paper-cuttings by Charles Dana Gibson when a boy.)

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.



ABOUT twenty-five years ago, a certain small boy who lived in Boston had a slight attack of illness. It was nothing serious in itself, but it led to something remarkable; for, one day, when the patient was rather fretful and listless, his father, to amuse him, began with a pair of scissors to cut out figures from paper—a horse, a dog, a cow. The little lad was instantly interested, and his delight was doubled when he found that after a few trials he, too, could make pictures with the scissors.



CHARLES DANA GIBSON AT THE AGE OF EIGHT.

From that day he and they were almost inseparable. His mother feared he might injure himself with sharp scissors, and so he was provided with a good-sized pair of round-pointed shears. These he wore hung by a string around

his neck, and everywhere he went, they went too. The little fingers were constantly busy turning out silhouettes of everything that attracted the child's fancy, until he became as skilful with his odd tool as many an older artist is with his brush. Strangely enough, he showed no desire to draw, and of all those who marveled at his knack of picture-making and wondered what would come of it, probably no one imagined that in later life he would win a brilliant reputation with his pencil. For the little boy of those days is now the Charles Dana Gibson whose work has gained such eminence in the last few years that it is almost unusual to take up a copy of a high-class magazine that does not contain at least one article illustrated by him. Every one knows "Gibson's girls"—those majestic and charming creatures who put into visible form the ideal of the best type of American young womanhood; but it seems a long way from them back to the quaint products of the artist's childish skill.

The earliest attempts of the small boy's fingers were rude, naturally enough. He began by cutting out pictures of monkeys, and quickly went on to other animals. While there could never be any doubt what the figures were meant to be, it must be acknowledged that the earliest apes and squirrels were wanting in spring, and that his dogs and horses lacked



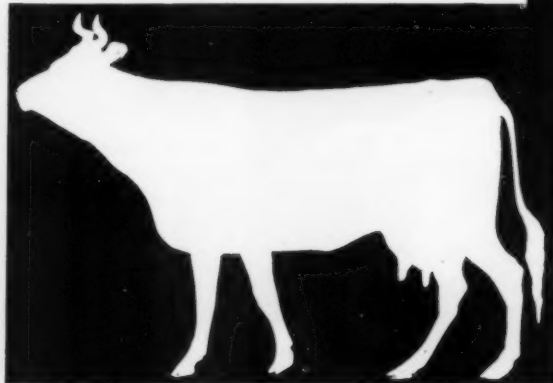
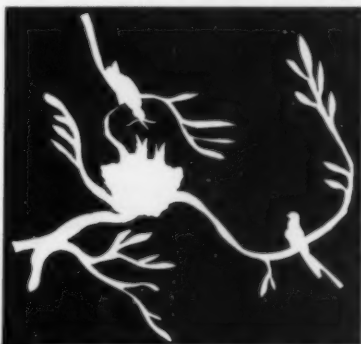


spirit. But these qualities came with the incessant practice the child bestowed upon the work which was also his favorite play.

shift the shears in cutting, as an older person would do, but held them stationary and moved the paper. When he began to use the scissors his hand was too small to hold them in the ordinary fashion, so while his thumb was thrust through one loop of the handle, his fingers closed around the outside of the other loop—a trick Mr. Gibson has never unlearned, for to this day he wields a pair of scissors in the same manner as in his almost baby days.

He found his models everywhere: the circus and the menagerie abounded in suggestions for pictures, the Natural History Museum was a treasure-house of designs. The image of the animal seemed to be photographed upon the child's brain, and as soon as he was at home the scissors were at work reproducing the figure.

To look at the boy as he worked, no one would have thought him especially intent upon his occupation. He would sit quietly, his eyelids drooped, apparently indifferent to the fate of the picture he was shaping. He did not



To the little artist the material upon which he worked seemed to be of no consequence. Any paper, white or tinted, thick or thin, blank or written over, would answer, so long as it was uncrumpled. There was no paste-brush used to join different parts of his pictures; a single piece of paper would serve for a figure, and sometimes for a series of figures, or for a whole scene. The delicate foliage of his trees and vines, the convolutions of his serpents, the open mouths of his baby birds, were wrought by the



clumsy shears with as much apparent ease as the bolder outlines of his figures of people and large animals. In and out of the jaws of the big scissors would move the slip of paper, until the lace-like picture fluttered forth complete.

As the child grew older he did not restrict himself to copying in his silhouettes only the living or pictured models that came in his path. His future skill as an illustrator was foreshadowed in the way he chose his subjects. He would come home from school full of some story he had heard there.

"They read such a nice story in the class today," he would say. "See, I will make you a picture of it."

And forthwith the fingers would be at work cutting out the image of the dog who took care of



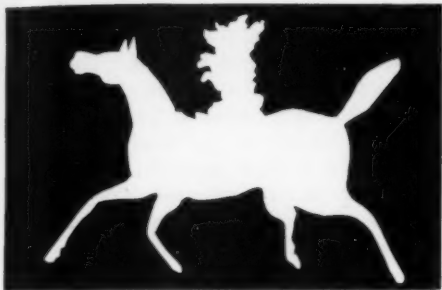
his master's horse, of the countryman who whipped some balking mule, or of the quarrelsome rooster in his various beligerent attitudes. One of his most laughable works shows a hen and her chickens fleeing before

the pursuing foe. Each little chick is evidently in a different state of mind from any of the others. The first tiptoes along sedately serene, because it is close to its mother; the second makes longer strides to overtake the old hen; while the third, conscious of the fierce enemy close behind, brings its wings to aid its legs in flight.

The pictures did not always deal with homely or domestic subjects. Sometimes there would be produced a mounted Indian on the war-path, or rabbits leaping through the grass, or a father bird defending the approach to his home against a thievish snake with darting tongue, while the mother bird hangs protectingly over the nest that swings from the end of the bough.

The little Dana had other inspiration than that furnished even by the stories he heard or the pictures he saw. His quick imagination was at work devising scenes to illustrate, and droll and tricky fancies leave their mark on his

work. Here a small dog, with spectacles perched on his nose, rides a pony. Here a rabbit and a squirrel meet, and shake hands. There a procession defiles before him, a bird in front holding out a hat for contributions, a rabbit whose long ears flap from under his drum-major's bearskin,



a helmeted rooster bearing a banner, and, last in the line, a dog dressed like an old woman, wearing an apron and a bonnet, and carrying a broom. Again, it is a small pig that struts along with his umbrella spread over his head, while all the birds look at him in amazement; or else it is an attempt at caricature in the picture of a boy with an abnormally large head and absurdly long fingers and toes.



No wonder that the family and friends marveled at the cuttings, and collected and preserved specimens of the child's work. They even had some of them displayed at an art exhibition, where they called forth notice and comment from Mr. Clarence Cook.

"But perhaps the most remarkable thing in the whole exhibition," he wrote, "are the frames that contain the silhouettes in white paper, cut by Master Dana Gibson, a boy now ten or twelve

years old, but who cut many of these figures —

and many of the best of them — when he was but eight years old. In almost every case they are cut from the idea in his

own mind, not copied from other pictures, and they are done without any aid whatever from teaching; the work is the product of instinct without training. The subjects are all of life in action; whatever is done, is done with a perfection that we never saw surpassed."

So far from seeming unduly puffed up by the praise his skill received, the child showed only surprise. To him there appeared no difficulty in such work.

"Any one could do it," he would say simply, when some person would comment upon his proficiency. "Any one can do it who will try. It's the easiest thing in the world."

For none of his designs did he ever draw an outline. In fact, at the time he was doing his best work of this kind he had never taken a drawing-lesson, although he belonged to a family of artistic tastes, and his grandfather, his father, and his mother had all had more or less facility with brush or pencil. But the lad's





designing was done altogether with his scissors. With only these he managed to convey shades of meaning and of expression, and to give spirit and life to his pictures. Even although he repeated his subjects again and again, there was great variety in his work.

And he had infinite patience. Over and over he would cut out a picture until he had it, to his mind, exactly right. His failures would be crumpled in his hand and tossed aside without a word. One day some one who had watched him as he rejected cutting after cutting, asked him what was the trouble.

"It's that dromedary's lip," sighed the child, pausing in his work and lifting a puzzled brow. "I have tried and tried, but I'm afraid I can't get it right without going to see the dromedary again."

Until Dana was ten years old he was a rather quiet, stay-at-home little fellow. He was full of fun of a dry kind, and occasionally there would come a flash of sarcasm that showed his wits were not confined to his finger-tips. As he grew older and became interested in outdoor sports and made boyish friendships, his paper-cuttings began to be neglected, and when he was about fourteen years of age he laid down his shears. In their place he took up the pencil.

Among the last of his silhouettes that have

been preserved are the picture of a child digging in the sand, and that of the boy with the cockatoo perched upon his wrist. The eagerness of the little girl as she bends forward so that her short skirt tilts up at the back, her lips parted, her shovel and pail firmly grasped, are photographic in their clearness; while in the pose of the boy the mingled pride and fear with which he holds the bird are as accurately given as the minutest details of his dress. No shading or coloring could make the picture more vivid.

This slight sketch must close at the very outset of Mr. Gibson's artistic career. He was only sixteen years old when he entered the New York Art League as a pupil, and



he is not yet thirty.

No one can say how much of his wonderful skill he owes to the training eye and hand he unconsciously gave himself as a boy; but it is easy to trace in his scissors silhouettes the power he possesses in an eminent degree of giving a picture in a

few clear, telling strokes. The direct vision of his childhood he has never lost.

THE PRIZE CUP.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"WHY, WHAT IS IT, TRACE?" ASKED IDA Lisle.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XV.

TRACY TRIUMPHANT.

"THERE comes Tracy. He's a remarkably fine boy. The mother is a rare woman, but she finds it a hard struggle to get along, and it's a constant study with some of the well-to-do parishioners how to help the family without making them feel that they are objects of charity. Notice what a frank, engaging face

he has!" Fred said, as Tracy, brightly smiling, came down the bank.

"How are you, Trace?" he went on, when Tracy was nearer, and gave the new-comer a hearty handshake. "This is my friend, Mr. Canton Quimby, of Yale. We have just taken a run up from the beach to look at our place. What did Laurie tell you?"

"He said you were here, and a friend with you, not quite so tall, but a little stouter, and with fuller cheeks," said Tracy, laughing to see

how perfectly the Yale Junior answered the child's description.

"All that in his own sign-language?" Canton Quimby inquired with evident interest.

"Oh, yes; he has been more our teacher in that than anyone has ever been his. Come up to the house, won't you? Mother will be glad to see you," said Tracy.

"I'm afraid we can't at present," Melverton replied; "but I've something to say to you here. Sit down, for it may be a long story."

But Tracy remained standing before the young men on the bench, while he heard from Fred's lips, with running comments by Quimby, an account of the strange doings on the Melverton premises, and of Gid's dismissal.

Astonishment at the loss of the cup, and the mystery attending it, and, as must be owned, the satisfaction of his grudge against Gideon, sent the blood mounting to the boy's head in keen excitement.

"I never had any faith in that Ketterell fellow!" he exclaimed; "and I was surprised—"

A timely recollection of his mother's warning checked the impetuous outburst; but for that he might have gone on and given his latest, burning reasons for disliking Gideon.

"Surprised I should have employed him," Melverton rejoined. "I am a little surprised myself. But my mother thought we ought to give him a chance. And I surely believed he was honest. Mind, I don't say I'm convinced to the contrary yet. He has unquestionably been negligent, and he may have been knowingly unfaithful, but we are bound to have a good deal of charity for the son of so worthy a mother—and of so unworthy a father!"

"That's true," Tracy assented, generously; "that's what mother says. Old man Ketterell can't be trusted even to collect money for the washing his wife does to support the family. Gid comes honestly by his shiftlessness."

"So we won't be hard on him," Fred went on. "But this affair must be looked into; and in the meanwhile, Tracy, can't you, as a special favor to me, keep your eye on the place, and perhaps air the house for us in fine weather?"

Tracy was delighted.

"I'll do anything that Gid did,—or ought

to have done,—and think it nothing but sport," he said, heartily.

"That's altogether too much," the young man protested.

"Just let me try it!" cried the boy. "Our own garden does n't take more than a few hours a week, and Mr. Walworth likes to help about that. I get tired of reading and study. And—I shall be so glad to do the least thing in return for all the favors your family has done for us," he added, with grateful emotion.

"Oh, don't mention trifles of that sort!" Fred replied, with responsive feeling. Then he resumed:

"It's just possible you may pick up a clue that will lead to the unraveling of the mystery. Look out for any suspicious characters that come prowling about the place; and find out, if you can, any that have been seen there during Gid's administration. If you make any discoveries, send me at once a telegram that I and nobody else will understand, for I don't want any publicity given to the affair at present. I sha' n't mention it to a living soul, except the chief of police."

"Can I tell my own folks?" Tracy asked, thrilled to the roots of his hair by the confidence his friend reposed in him, and by the importance of his trust. It did n't seem possible that he could keep it all to himself.

"Tell them—oh, certainly; we can rely upon their discretion," Fred replied. "Now come over to the house, and I'll give you the keys and explain matters."

"You're sure you can't just step up to the door and speak to my mother and Ida?" said Tracy.

But Fred answered firmly: "Not this time"; and led the way up the Melverton bank.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRACY GETS A "CLUE."

"WHY, what is it, Trace?" said Ida Lisle, noticing her brother's panting breath and gleaming eyes when he came in to dinner.

"The strangest things have been happening!" he exclaimed. "They're not to be spoken of outside,"—he glanced around at the

young minister coming out of his study — “but I can tell you all, here at home.”

And, without waiting to be questioned, he broke forth impetuously;

“The Melverton house has been entered, Fred’s beautiful prize cup has been stolen, Gid Ketterell has been turned off, and I am in charge!”

The exciting news was discussed as the family sat down at the table.

“I am sorry for Gideon — and so sorry for his mother!” said Mrs. Lisle. “I hope he is not suspected of taking the cup.”

“Not exactly, but —”

And Tracy went over the circumstances of the case as well as he could recall them.

“Now I am to look after the place, and do what I can — if there’s anything I can do — toward clearing up the mystery. I have n’t the slightest idea how I am to begin.”

“Possibly I can give you a hint,” suggested Mr. Walworth. “Gideon, I understand, says he received no one into the house in the absence of the family?”

“He was quite positive about that; so Fred told me,” replied Tracy.

“I shall regret to contradict Gideon’s testimony,” rejoined the young minister. “You know the rock among the syringas, where I sometimes have my cushion, and my book, and my writing-pad —”

“Your out-door study, we call it,” said Ida.

“Last Tuesday afternoon I was there, making some notes, when I noticed a young fellow coming down through the hollow by the brook. Something in his manner excited my curiosity; and I watched him as he went up rather slyly over the bank toward the Melverton house. I saw him throw something from behind the shrubbery; then I heard a voice, — two voices, — and he disappeared in the direction of the house. I continued to hear the voices for a while, then they ceased with the shutting of a door. I had forgotten the circumstance, and was absorbed in my studies again, when — I hardly know how long after — I heard the same subdued voices, and shortly after saw the same young fellow come down over the bank, moving cautiously till he got into the ravine. Then, instead of going up the brook,

the way he came, he followed it down toward the bridge, and I lost sight of him.”

More than once during this recital Tracy had interrupted it to demand excitedly, — “Who was it? Who was the fellow?” and his sister had silenced him with, “Can’t you wait a minute? Can’t you let him tell his story?” At length the minister replied:

“I don’t know his name; but I have several times seen him, oftener on the river than anywhere else. Under the clump of willows, not far from where the brook flows in, somebody keeps a boat, which I have seen him help himself to, as if he had a right to it.”

“A muscular young fellow with a bend in his shoulders? Carries his head forward — like this?” cried Tracy eagerly.

“That’s it; that’s very like him,” Mr. Walworth smilingly assented.

“It’s Osk! It’s Oscar Ordway!” Tracy exclaimed. “The very last fellow the Melvertons would wish to enter their house!”

“Mind, I don’t say positively he did enter it,” said the minister. “I’ve only told you how it appeared to me.”

“Of course Gid let him in,” Tracy cried jubilantly. “You’ve given me a very important point, Mr. Walworth. If Osk Ordway did n’t drink some of that cider, and if he does n’t know something about the missing cup, then there’s no sense in my knowledge-box!”

“Don’t start out with the notion that there’s more sense in it than there really is,” his sister warned him, laughingly. “There’s a limit even to that, as we all know.”

“Oh, but anybody can see,” cried her brother, “Osk is in it, and Gid knows he is. I know boys that know Osk, and I’m going into this affair, to the very bottom.”

“Don’t be rash, my son,” his mother cautioned him. “Whatever you do, be considerate, be discreet.”

“Considerate?” echoed the boy, in a flush of high spirits. “I’m the most considerate, the most discreet — I’ll prove it to you! In all my talk with Fred Melverton, I never mentioned the mean trick Gid played our Laurie, nor his impudent attempt to drive me from the place. If that does n’t show forbearance!”

“Well, be as circumspect in everything, and

I shall be satisfied," said his mother. "Why, Laurie! where have you been?" she cried, precisely as if the child, who just then came running in, had possessed the sense he lacked.

There had been inquiries for Midget as the family were sitting down to dinner; but he was so wayward a little wanderer, often very hard to find, since no calling could make him hear, that they gave little heed to his absences, assured that he would reappear when he was hungry, if not before.

He was in a joyous mood, and he had a merry tale to tell, which all except the minister understood.

"Somebody has taken him to ride," said his sister.

"On a bicycle," added Tracy, reading the child's rapid gestures. "There were two bicycles; they picked him up at the bridge—"

"Gave him a fine ride to the village," Ida struck in, "and dropped him at the bridge again."

"Fred and his friend," concluded Tracy; "it was Fred who gave him the ride. They were going to see the chief of police."

"You don't mean to say he tells you *that*!" said Mr. Walworth.

"Oh, no, not about Fred's errand to the village," Tracy replied. "Fred told me that was his intention. I wish I could have caught him when he came back to the bridge, to tell him about Osk Ordway. For it's a clue!" he cried, "decidedly a clue, and I am going to follow it up!"

CHAPTER XVII.

GIDEON MEETS HIS FOE.

WHEN Gid Ketterell went out from the Melverton place after his dismissal, he took the brookside path below the bridge, and strode as straight as the winding way would permit to the clump of willows by the river, where Osk Ordway usually kept his boat.

The boat was gone.

"He's off with the boys somewheres," Gid muttered, casting impatient glances up and down the placid stream out of his reddened and sullen eyes. "Never mind; I don't move from this spot, all the same, till he comes in!"

There was a tree that pushed out so straight from the group, before its top and branches curved upward over the water, that trunk and root together made a saddle-shaped seat. This Gid bestrode; and with a twin trunk at his back, forming an upright support, he found himself in a comfortable position while waiting for the boat. Comfortable as to his body, but by no means so as to his state of mind. Savagely angry with Osk, whom he blamed for his disgrace, and for the terrible suspicion that had fallen upon him; almost as angry with himself for having weakly yielded to Osk's influence after he had been warned against it; afraid to go home and fall into the hands of his mother—agitated with these emotions he took no thought of the quaint and gnarly old easy-chair he sat on, nor of the pleasant, sun-flecked shade flung over and about him, on the stream and on the shore, from the long willow-boughs swaying in the breeze.

The breeze fanned his hot brow; the water rippled and sparkled in the sun; bees and dragon-flies hovered over the water-lilies and pickerel-weeds, and butterflies flitted along the shore; turtles were sunning themselves on a half-sunken log, and a kingfisher, springing his rattle as he flew from a tree near by, poised a moment in the air, and then struck the wave with a splash. But Gid Ketterell saw none of these things. He took out his knife, and began to whittle the trunk on which he sat, in the bark of which many a previous jack-knife had carved the rude initials of names he knew.

He was not even aware that he had a knife in his hand. Behind his screen of boughs he listened for voices, and looked up and down the shore for the returning boat, thinking intently of the bad thing that had happened to him, what he ought to have done differently, and what he was still to do and say when he and Osk should meet once more face to face. He hoped that would happen soon, before he had time to get over his anger; for it was anger alone, as he very well knew, that gave him courage for the encounter.

"If I had only owned up when I had a chance!" he said to himself. "Why did n't I? Why did n't I? I'd have done it, if I had n't been afraid and ashamed to say how I

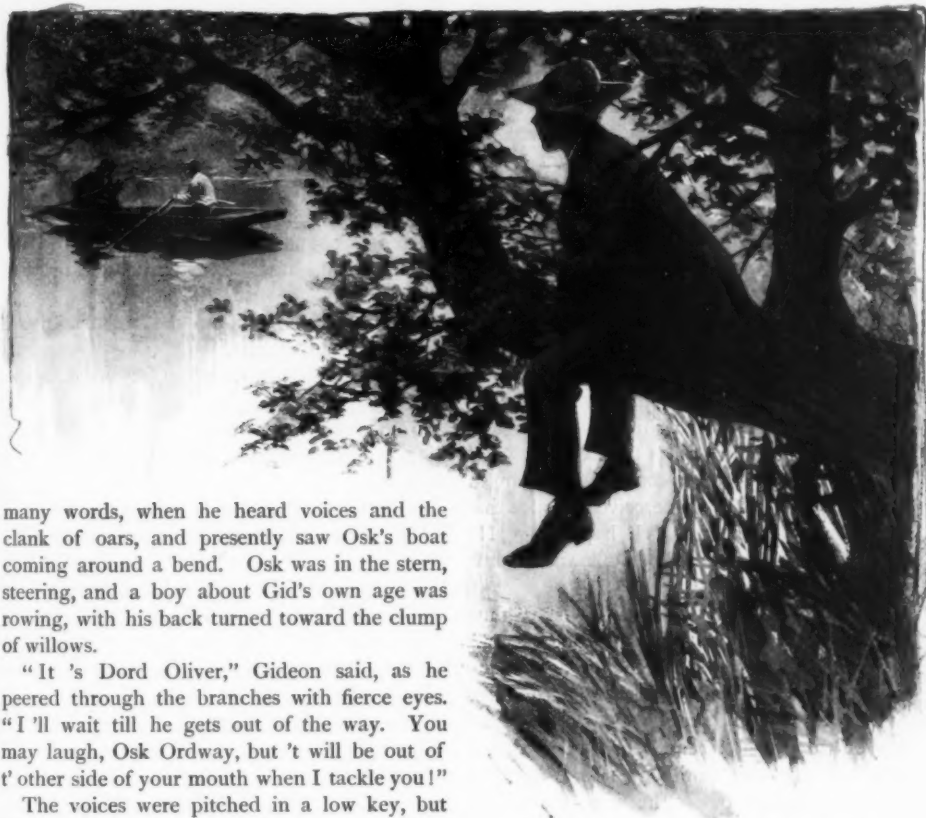
had let him impose on me—forcing his way in, making me show him the cup, and drinking the cider. Now see where I am! After I'd begun to lie, I could n't go back. Telling the truth could n't have made it any worse for me; I should have got turned off just the same. I could stand that. But to be blamed for what Osk did afterward! For it was Osk—I know it was Osk!"

He was musing in this way, though not in so

"Oh, yes, you can; he's one of the sort you can do almost anything with; you can wind him around your little finger—at least, I can! Only don't tell him I said I had seen it; he made me promise not to."

"They're talking about the cup!" thought Gid, stunned and breathless. He listened again, as the boat drew nearer.

"I'm afraid you won't get any cider," said Osk; "for there was only one more bottle left.



"'THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME,' HE MUTTERED."

many words, when he heard voices and the clank of oars, and presently saw Osk's boat coming around a bend. Osk was in the stern, steering, and a boy about Gid's own age was rowing, with his back turned toward the clump of willows.

"It's Dord Oliver," Gideon said, as he peered through the branches with fierce eyes. "I'll wait till he gets out of the way. You may laugh, Osk Ordway, but 't will be out of 't other side of your mouth when I tackle you!"

The voices were pitched in a low key, but sounds pass easily over the water, and soon Gid could hear parts of the conversation. The sound of his own name, uttered by Osk with a derisive titter, was like the sting of a hornet.

"They're talking about me!" he muttered, holding himself stiff and still against the upright trunk to keep from being seen.

Dord made some reply, but the words were indistinguishable. Then Osk said:

I left that for manners. But you can make him show you—mind, I don't say what."

If he meant the cup, he was talking as if he believed it was still in the place where he had seen it. Gid was bewildered by this supposed assumption on the part of the suspected thief, until he had rallied his wits a little.

Meanwhile the boys ran the boat aground, and began to throw out fish, which they counted as they cast them on the shore.

"It 's all make-believe," Gid reasoned. "He thinks it 's time for the cup to be missed. He knows I 'll accuse him, and he talks that way so he can bring up a witness to prove that he thought it was still in the house. But he can't throw dust in my eyes — not very much!"

By turning his head a little and looking back he could watch every movement of the others; while they might likewise have seen him if they had not been so busy with their catch of fish. After they had thrown these out and had stepped out themselves, they made the boat fast to a stake, within three paces of the ambushed Gideon.

"You divide 'em, while I 'm cutting twigs to string 'em on," said Osk, looking up into the willow branches, and advancing directly toward Gid on the other side of his upright tree. He was raising his hand to reach the hanging branches beyond. "Ough!" he ejaculated, starting back as if he had chanced upon a wild Indian in ambush. "What in thunder — Gid!"

Gid turned up at him angrily glowering eyes.

"What 's the matter with you?" Osk demanded, quickly recovering from his surprise — "stuck here in the crotch of the tree!"

For sole response Gid continued to glare at him threateningly. Osk perceived at once that some untoward thing had happened. No doubt Gid had overheard his talk with Dord; well if it were nothing worse!

"Here 's Gid Ketterell," cried Osk, "glum as an oyster. I can't get a word out of him."

"Osk Ordway," said Gid, without moving from his seat, but keeping his fiery eyes on the author of his woes, "you 'll get words out of me you won't like to hear, before we part company. I can wait until you string your fish and let Dord get out of the way; for I guess you 'll think it 's as well to talk with me alone!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

OSK ORDWAY'S LITTLE FINGER.

ALL this Gideon said without faltering, but a spasmodic catching of his breath made his voice sound ominously thick and tremulous.

"Thunder and Mars!" Osk exclaimed. "I never saw you so mad in all my life. I did n't know you *could* be so riled! If it 's anything I 've done, I 'll make it all right."

"Oh, yes!" Gid retorted. "I know you will. I 'm one of the sort you can do anything with! — wind me around your little finger, can you? We 'll see about that!"

"That was all in fun," Osk said, trying to turn off his embarrassment with a laugh. "I 'll see you in a minute."

He cut two or three forked branches, and turned to his companion on the shore.

"That 's all right, Dord," he said, seeing how the fish had been divided. "Take whichever pile you please, and don't wait for me. I 've got to have a little row with Gid here," lowering his voice; "he 's pudgicky about something, — what I was saying to you, I suppose. Keep dark about that thing, Dord!"

Osk busied himself stringing his own fish until Dord was gone, then turned once more to Gid, who got down from the tree-trunk and stood confronting him.

"Now what is it, Gid?" Osk asked in the friendliest way.

"You know what it is!" Gid flung back, his quivering features charged with wrathful reproach.

"My talk with Dord, I suppose," said Osk. "But I don't see anything in that to raise your porcupine's quills at me this way. A fellow must have his joke. That 's all it was."

"It ain't that, and you know it," replied the implacable Gid. He still grasped his knife, looking as if he might easily be tempted to turn it into a weapon. Osk, who, like most bullies, was not so intrepid as he wished to appear, kept a wary eye on the blade.

"Why, Gid, you 're out o' your head! you 're crazy, sure!" he said, taking a step backward.

"You 'll find out whether I 'm crazy or not," said Gid, growing more bold and menacing as Osk showed a disposition to retreat. But as he advanced, Osk stopped with a fire in his eyes, and put up a warning hand.

"Quit right there, Gid!" he said, with his chin out and his head thrust insolently forward from his bent shoulders. "I ain't going to stand this nonsense — talking to me that way

and threatening me! Put up that knife or I 'll throw it into the river,—and you after it."

"Better try it!" Gid answered, defiantly. "I 'll talk as I please, spite of your bluster and pretended ignorance. I 've been turned off by Fred Melverton,—kicked out,—accused of stealing,—and all through you, Osk Ordway!"

"You don't say!" Osk exclaimed. "I never believed that would happen, and I 'm awfully sorry. Did he miss the cider?"

"Yes; and he missed something else, Osk Ordway!" Gid leveled at him a terrible look, and put the question Fred had put to him,—
"Where is that prize cup?"

"That prize cup!" Osk repeated, with real or feigned astonishment. "You don't mean—"

"Yes, I do mean! The prize cup I was fool enough to show you, and you were dishonest enough to steal!" said Gideon.

"You don't say *that* has been taken! You left it in the drawer; I saw you," Osk said rather weakly, as it seemed to Gid.

"And nobody else saw me," Gid retorted. "Nobody else knew where to look for it. The cider and the cup are the only things Fred has missed. You know about the cider and you know about the cup."

"Did you tell him that?" Osk inquired quickly.

"No, I did n't. But I wish I had. I had denied touching the cider, or letting anybody into the house. Then when he said the cup had been taken, I could n't go back on my word. I wish now I had," Gid repeated, with bitter self-reproach.

He related all that had happened in his interview with Fred, and again charged Osk with the robbery. Osk laughed scornfully.

"The idea of my doing such a thing as that!" he exclaimed. "You don't really think I did, Gid Ketterell. For my part," he went on, without listening to Gid's indignant protestation, "I don't believe the cup has been stolen. I don't take any stock in that story. Fred is bluffing you. He took it out of the drawer himself, to give you a good scare, after he found out about the cider."

"You think so?" Gid replied, shaken by the

plausible argument, and grasping at that straw of hope.

"No doubt of it," said Osk. "Fred says to himself, he says, 'Two bottles of cider gone,' he says; 'he 's had somebody in the house, and now I 'll teach him a lesson.' See?"

"No, I don't see!" Gid muttered. He was, however, more than half convinced that Osk was right, and he wished to be wholly convinced. "I don't believe he 'd have made a fuss about the cider, if that had been all he missed; he ain't that kind of a chap. Anyhow, it 's all through you I 've lost the place."

"You 'll get taken back again," Osk assured him. "Only stick to your story, and soon as he sees you 're not to be beat out of it, he 'll conclude he 's in the wrong."

"The cup is all I care for," Gid murmured, his anger fast giving way before the wily influence of his betrayer. "If I could only think it was the way you say!"

"I 'll bet my life on 't!" Osk declared; "but keep still about it, and you never 'll hear from it again. As for the place, I 'm sorry; but even if you don't go back, you 'll have a better time this summer than if you 'd kept it; you 'd have soon got sick of all that."

"I suppose I should," Gid admitted; "but what will my mother say when she knows?"

"She need n't know," said Osk. "You can go off every day just as if you were going to Melverton's, and have all your time to yourself. Would n't she like some of these fish? I 'll give you some to carry home; they 'll please her, and keep her from noticing anything strange in your looks. Then I 've got some schemes to let you into. You know we 've always had good times together, Gid."

"But why did you talk about me that way to Dord Oliver?" said Gid, with a last feeble flaming up of his waning resentment. "You told him about my showing the cup."

"I never mentioned the cup! It was all talk, anyway; a fellow must say something. You know you and I are always good cronies," said Osk, completing again the process, which he had boasted was so easy, of winding Gid around his little finger.

(To be continued.)

Those Clever Japs.

Do Japanese birdlings
never fly upward?
Are Japanese grasses
all black and brown?
Have Japanese apple-
trees roots, I wonder?



Does a bamboo boast a
chrysanthemum crown?
Is it Japanese art or
Japanese nature
That painted my screen
all upside down?



By
HARRY
BODLEY
SLITH

Illustration by Randall Wheeler.

SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST JOURNEY BEGUN.

"You're joking, sir!" exclaimed Tom.

"Oh, no, I'm not; I mean just what I say. So far as I have been able to learn from our landlord, you have no family or other ties to bind you to this place; you are free to go and come as you like."

"I suppose I am," the boy admitted.

"Well, I'm heartily tired of traveling alone, and I'd like to have you with me; in the first place because I've taken a fancy to you, and secondly because you are a mystery."

"A mystery!"

"Yes; you're a long-lost son, you know. Don't be offended; of course your private affairs are none of my business, but in all my travels I never before met a long-lost son, and you can't guess how delightful a new sensation is to a man of my years and experience."

"I wish Zeb Pettibone would n't tell everybody that comes along all about me," said Tom, with flushed face.

"Don't be vexed," said the explorer, soothingly; "I don't believe he would have told me if I had not asked him. Now, to return to our muttens, as the French say: You are, like all boys, fond of adventure, and you'll get lots of it with me—you know the sort of adventures I meet with. You can be of a good deal of assistance to me too: you can help pack my valise, arrange our routes, and all that sort of thing. I assure you I shall appreciate your aid very much, for details have always bored me dreadfully; and, to tell you the truth, I'm not the man I was two or three centuries ago. Now what do you say? Are we partners? Yes or no?"

"Yes," Tom replied promptly.

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"Good! Shake hands on that!"

When they had shaken hands Sindbad said:

"One of the objects of our travels shall be to find your parents. You don't suppose you had a fairy godmother, do you?—because if you had, it will be a very easy matter. Try to remember."

"Why, of course I had n't," replied Tom, laughing; "there are no fairy godmothers nowadays."

"Are n't there, though?" said Sindbad, with a mysterious wink. "Don't you be too sure of that. But you, probably, did n't have one, or you would have heard from her before this. After all, you're just as well off, for fairies are very tricky. I know that to my cost—look at these ragged trousers; it's the fault of a fairy that I'm obliged to wear them at all."

"How is that?" asked Tom.

"Well, it's a long story, and I won't try to tell it all; suffice it to say that during one of my later voyages I rendered a certain service to a powerful and influential fairy, and in return she granted me one wish."

"You did n't wish for those trousers, did you?"

"No; but I wished that whenever I put my hand in my pocket I should find money. 'That'll be all right,' said the fairy; 'put your hand in your pocket now.' I did so, and drew out a gold coin. 'I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged,' I said. 'I suppose this sort of thing will continue indefinitely?' 'It will last as long as the trousers do,' replied the fairy, with a peculiar laugh that I did n't like; and she vanished. Well, I resolved at once, of course, that I'd take mighty good care of those trousers. And I have done so, but you see what they look like now. I'm ashamed to be seen in them, but what can I do?"

"Can't you find money in the pockets of any of your other trousers?" inquired Tom.

"Not unless I put it there."

"But see here," said the boy, "why don't you fish out money enough from the enchanted pocket to last you two or three weeks? You could put it in another pocket, and then pack away these trousers till you needed them again."

Sindbad shook his head sadly.

"Don't you suppose I thought of that years ago?" he said. "I tried it a good while before you were born, but it would n't work."

"Why would n't it?" queried Tom.

"Because that fairy played a mean trick on me. She always seemed fair and square, and I should n't have thought it of her, but she did it. I invariably find the money in the pocket when I want it, but the trouble is—" and Sindbad lowered his voice to a whisper and glanced apprehensively over his shoulder—"it does n't last."

"Does n't last? What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that it dematerializes—melts into thin air, a few minutes after it leaves my pocket. You've no idea how much embarrassment that has caused me. Only a short time after my interview with the fairy I tried the plan you just suggested. I filled one of my coat pockets with gold coins, and in five minutes they had disappeared, leaving nothing behind them but their memory. Why, I've paid the landlord of this house twice, and the money has disappeared both times. The only way I ever manage to have any cash about me is to change one of the gold pieces; the change does n't disappear until I spend it. That's why I got Mr. Pettibone to give me those bills for a ten-dollar gold piece."

"That looks a little like obtaining money under false pretenses," said Tom, bluntly.

Sindbad's face flushed.

"No, it does n't, either," he said. "I did n't pretend anything; I just gave him the eagle, and it was all right when it left my hands. It's all the fairy's fault, anyhow; if anybody is guilty of false pretenses, she is."

"But Mr. Pettibone is the loser, just the same," suggested Tom.

"Well, are you going to keep harping on that subject all day?" asked Sindbad, irritably. "That enchanted pocket is my only means of support, and I'm far too old to work. What would you have me do?" and he rose

and began pacing the piazza, while his face was red and angry.

Tom made no reply. He had read, only a few days before, that it was usually impossible to admire distinguished persons, except at a distance; that when one approached them too closely one was likely to experience a shock; and he reflected sadly that this statement was but too true of Sindbad.

The color upon the sailor's face soon died away. Pausing abruptly, and fixing his blue eye appealingly upon the boy's face, he said:

"You must admit, anyhow, that there are extenuating circumstances in my case."

Tom could not help being melted by that glance; he began to think he had judged Sindbad too harshly.

"Yes, of course there are, sir," he replied.

"But why did you tell Mr. Pettibone you could n't give him another gold piece, when you say that you are able to produce them by the hundred?"

"Well, you *are* a hair-splitter," said Sindbad. "But I'll answer your question: I don't believe in throwing away money, no matter how great my resources. Pettibone has been paid twice already, and his bill was exorbitant in the first place. But come, I don't propose to stand here arguing with you all the afternoon. Do you wish to go into partnership with me, or do you not?"

"I do," replied Tom, promptly.

"Very good; as Sindbad, Smith & Co., Explorers, we may, and I believe we shall, achieve wonders that will eclipse all my former exploits. I've been thinking of taking a partner for several centuries; but somehow I never got about it, never found exactly the right person. I believe I have now, however; and you ought to feel highly honored by my preference."

Tom replied that he did feel honored, and then asked:

"But who is the 'Co.,' sir?"

"The 'Co.' at present is nominal," replied Sindbad; "but we may run across some one whom we shall wish to take into partnership with us. If we don't, it will make no particular difference. Sindbad, Smith & Co. sounds a good deal better than Sindbad & Smith, anyhow; don't you think so?"

"Yes, it does. What shall we do first, Mr. Sindbad?"

"Well, I don't know. I guess we'd better just drift along and wait for something startling to turn up."

"But suppose nothing startling does turn up?" suggested Tom.

"I can't entertain such an absurd supposition for a moment," said Sindbad. "You have read enough about me to know that something *must* turn up if I start to go anywhere. 'Suppose nothing turns up!' That makes me laugh. He! he!"

"You don't think my being with you will make any difference, do you? It might," said the boy.

"Bless you, no, my dear fellow!" replied Sindbad. "Why, my presence on any public conveyance is sure to bring on some sort of a catastrophe. It's only once in a long while that a vessel upon which I embark is n't wrecked; and as for railroad trains—well, you know, don't you, how I happen to be here?"

"You were in the great accident last Tuesday, were n't you, sir?" asked Tom.

"Yes; and I was the only person in my car who was n't injured. Oh, you'll have plenty of excitement when you travel with me, my lad."

Tom was silent; observing that his face wore a rather dubious expression, Sindbad hastened to add:

"I don't think you need expect any trouble. Of course I can't undertake to guarantee your safety, but I have no doubt that the fact of our partnership will be a great protection to you. Naturally, you won't at first have the same restful feeling in the midst of a tornado or a shipwreck that I experience, but it'll come to you after a while. Why, I used to be half scared out of my wits if a storm came up when I had been a day or two at sea,—it makes me laugh to think of it,—but now I don't enjoy a voyage if I'm not shipwrecked. You'll feel just the same in time."

"I hope so."

"Oh, there's not the shadow of a doubt of it. But we must be getting ready to go. When does the next train start?"

"In which direction?"

"In any direction; it's all the same to me. Have you any preference?"

"Well," hesitated Tom, "I've always wanted to go to New York."

"We'll go, then; but it's two hundred miles from here, and there's no telling how many weeks it will take us to get there."

"Weeks!" laughed Tom. "Why, the five-twenty express is due in the city at ten o'clock."

"Oh, yes, it's *due* then," said Sindbad, with a look of awful meaning; "but will it get there then?—that's the question; I shall be on board."

"But trains that you ride on are n't *always* wrecked, are they?" asked the boy, with some uneasiness.

"Well, once in a while there's an exception," replied Sindbad. "But," he added hastily, "we must not waste any more time in idle talk. You go and get ready for the journey, while I pack my valise and make myself a little more presentable"; and he bustled into the house, followed by his bewildered partner.

The explorer occupied two of the best rooms in the hotel. As he entered his parlor he said to Tom:

"Make haste, my boy, for it's nearly five o'clock now."

The lad climbed up to his attic room and packed his few belongings, wondering if it were not all a dream.

When he returned to the piazza he found Mr. Pettibone awaiting him.

"Here yeou be, hey?" said the old man, sourly. "I've been a-lookin' fer yeou. All slicked up, ain't yeou? What hev yeou got in that bag?"

"My clothes. I'm going away with Mr. Sindbad."

"Yeou're *what*?" cried the landlord.

Tom coolly repeated the statement.

"B-but I wanted yeou tew go aout an' feed the hosses," gasped Mr. Pettibone.

"I can't do it; we've got to catch the five-twenty."

"But see here, I wanted yeou tew stay here an' dew chores fer me; I need a boy raound the place."

"You're too late," replied Tom; "I've made other arrangements."

"I 'll give yeou a dollar a week an' yeour keep," persisted Mr. Pettibone.

"Can't do it. Besides, I heard you tell Mr. Sindbad that I was an elephant on your hands, and was n't good for anything."

"That 's what he said," laughed Sindbad, suddenly emerging from the house. "The lad has you there, landlord."

"So yeou 've hired him, hev yeou?" said Mr. Pettibone.

"Not exactly; we 're partners now."

"Humph! Wa-al, I wish yeou joy o' yeour barg'in."

"Thank you, landlord; I have n't a doubt that Tom and I shall get along admirably. Good day."

"Good day," added Tom, with a half malicious grin; and the partners walked away, leaving Mr. Pettibone staring after them with wide-open mouth.

Sindbad had donned a stylish traveling-suit, and seemed to be in the best of spirits.

"I 'm very glad I happened to run across you," he said; "I feel in my bones that we 're going to have lots of fun together. But I say, why did n't you tell me that my eyes did n't match? When I got up-stairs and looked in the glass I was awfully embarrassed to see one blue eye and one black."

"I did n't like to mention it, sir," replied Tom. "But"—with a start—"they 're both black now!"

"Oh, yes; of course I corrected the mistake as soon as I discovered it."

"Then—then your left eye is a glass one, sir?" hesitated Tom, fearful of offending his new partner.

"Glass? Nothing of the sort; it 's a real, practical eye. I have an assortment of them,

of all colors; got 'em on my twentieth voyage, and learned how to use 'em."

They had now reached the station, and the five-twenty express was thundering in. Sindbad rushed to the window and purchased the tickets; in another minute the first journey of Sindbad, Smith & Co. was begun.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST ADVENTURE.

"THIS is n't the way I usually travel, and I don't like it," growled Sindbad, as he seated himself beside his partner. "It 's plebeian,



"THE PARTNERS WALKED AWAY, LEAVING MR. PETTIBONE STARING AFTER THEM."

that 's what it is; and I do detest anything low."

"Why, what 's the matter, sir?" asked Tom, who had been admiring the magnificence of his surroundings.

"I always ride in a parlor-car," said Sindbad, discontentedly; "and it 's rough for a man of my years to have to put up with inferior accommodations like these. Some folks in my

position would make a great fuss, but I'm not one of that kind. I suppose I shall get used to it before our journey is over. I'll try to, anyway."

"There's a parlor-car on this train," said Tom.

"I know there is, but I have n't money enough to pay for seats in it. The fare was more than I thought it would be, and I've only forty cents left out of the ten dollars Mr. Pettibone gave me."

"But the magic trousers are in your valise, are n't they, sir?" said Tom. "You might slip your hand into the pocket, and—"

"Of course they are not in the valise," interrupted Sindbad, severely. "I should think you would have more sense."

"I thought —"

"Never mind just now what you thought," said Sindbad, who seemed very much out of sorts; "but listen to me. Suppose an accident happened to this train, and the enchanted trousers were in the valise; and suppose I lost the valise, as I probably should: then where would I be? My only source of income would be gone, and I should be obliged to begin life over again — which at my age is a more serious thing than you seem to imagine."

And the explorer gazed resentfully at his partner, who began to feel quite remorseful, though he did not know exactly why.

"Where *are* the trousers, sir?" he asked.

"They're — where I can't very well get at them just now. The fact is, I generally use them as a chest-protector when I'm traveling, and they are utilized in that capacity now. I have an ingenious way of folding them, and I don't doubt that they have saved me many a severe cold."

Tom murmured his admiration of Sindbad's fertility of invention, but his compliments did not seem to soften his irritated companion in the least.

"That's all right," said the explorer; "but we may have to travel four long, weary hours in this exquisitely uncomfortable car, just the same."

"I have a little money with me," said Tom, diffidently.

"Oh, have you?" cried Sindbad, his counte-

nance clearing up. "Why did n't you say so before? How much have you?"

"About four dollars and a half."

"Then we're all right; we'll have parlor-car seats. Of course, as we're partners, you expect to contribute something to the cash capital of the firm. I don't ask you to do a great deal; but as I have already expended nine dollars and sixty cents, I think you ought to put in your four and a half dollars."

Tom, still a little embarrassed, expressed his entire willingness to do so.

"Spoken like the open-hearted lad I took you for!" said Sindbad. "And now let's go right in and get our seats."

But Tom lingered.

"There's one thing I'm kind of sorry about," he said sheepishly.

"What is it?"

"The money is nearly all in pennies and nickels."

"Tut! tut!" said Sindbad, frowning. "Why, how is that?"

"It's some money I had been saving to get a pair of skates this winter, and I put it away just as I got it. I hate to count out in pennies the two dollars that the parlor-car seats will cost."

"Well, there's no help for it," returned Sindbad; "so come along."

They marched into the parlor-car, at the door of which they met the conductor, of whom the explorer inquired:

"Have you two good seats for my partner and myself?"

"Just two left, sir. This way, please."

In a few moments Sindbad and Tom were seated in two very comfortable chairs in the center of the car.

"This is something like," said the explorer, leaning back with a sigh of relief; "but it does worry me to have to pay for these seats in pennies."

"There are *some* nickels," said Tom, deprecatingly.

"They're not much better than the pennies. Where is the money?"

"In my bag."

"Well, get it out as quick as you can, and make up two rolls of a dollar each,—in nickels

if you can,—and inclose them in paper. Too late! here 's the conductor now."

As the official paused before Sindbad, the great explorer, assuming an indolent air, said:

"Pay the man, Thomas, my lad. It 's really too much trouble to get my money out. How much is it, sir?"

"Two dollars," the conductor replied.

"I leave all these little details to Thomas. Thomas, where is the money?"

"I 'll get it, sir"; and Tom began nervously fumbling at the lock of his bag, which receptacle he presently opened, and drew therefrom a tin bank.

"We must break it open, sir," he said. "I guess you 'll have to do it. I don't believe my hands are strong enough."

By this time the eyes of every one in that part of the car were upon them. With red, angry face, Sindbad began work upon the bank.

"If you 'd only told me it was sealed up in this way, I 'd have remained in the other car," he hissed in his junior partner's ear. "This is awfully embarrassing—good gracious!"

The explorer had miscalculated the amount of force needed to open the bank; it had suddenly burst open, and its contents were scattered in every direction.

Two or three of the passengers laughed outright, several others tittered, and nearly all the rest grinned. The conductor stood scowling and muttering impatiently, while the two explorers scrambled about the floor for the fugitive coins.

It happened that the train was going over a particularly rough bit of road at the time, and the partners had hard work to recover their capital. Sindbad twice fell at full length; and Tom, when in the act of rising with a handful of pennies, was precipitated into the lap of an irritable old lady, and his money was again strewn upon the floor.

"Really, sir," said a stout gentleman, upon whose feet Sindbad had come down rather heavily, "this is absurd. Why don't you pay the fare and let your boy's pennies go?"

"My motives do not concern you, sir," replied Sindbad, redder and angrier than ever; "but you shall know them. I desire to inculcate principles of economy in the mind of this

lad. I want him to appreciate the value of money, and to that end I gladly sacrifice my own personal ease."

"And that of every one else in the car," said the stout gentleman. "I 'll pay your fare myself if you 'll keep off my feet."

"I refuse your offer with scorn, sir!" returned Sindbad, hotly. "Thomas, pick up the nickel over by that lady's left foot."

"I 'll come back in half an hour," said the conductor, and he stalked away.

A few minutes later all the coins that could be found were collected in Tom's hat.

"Now, we 'll count them," said Sindbad; "or, rather, I will. You hold the hat, and don't you drop it, if you value your peace of mind."

Then the explorer counted out the coins, watched closely by all his fellow-passengers. There proved to be three hundred and thirty-seven cents and nine nickels.

"Only three dollars and eighty-two cents," said Tom, with a long face; "and I know there were four dollars and a half in the bank. I 'm sure there are a lot of pennies under that old lady's chair on the other side of the aisle. Shall I wake her up, and ask her to let me look for them?"

"Don't you dare do anything of the sort," said Sindbad, in a low, fierce tone. "Have n't I been humiliated enough already? Have you no sense of shame? Just make two rolls, of one dollar each, of these pennies, and don't offer any more idiotic suggestions."

Tom, greatly crestfallen, proceeded to obey his partner. When the conductor returned, the money was ready for him.

"I 'm not obliged to take these pennies," he said gruffly; "but I 'll do it this time."

He fiercely punched a number of holes in two tickets, which he thrust into Sindbad's hand, adding:

"The next time you travel in my car, sir, I 'd be obliged if you 'd provide yourself with a dollar bill or two."

Sindbad leaned back in his seat, muttering: "In all my fifteen hundred and twenty-one voyages I was never so humiliated before! I, Sindbad, the world's most famous explorer, laughed at by a car full of idiots, and bullied

by a common conductor! This partnership business I'm convinced is n't by any means what it's cracked up to be!"

Tom felt crushed.

"Well, then," said Sindbad, with the air of a martyr, "I have only myself to blame, and I won't complain any more. I *did* think, when I first saw you — but it's no matter."



"TOM WAS PRECIPITATED INTO THE LAP OF AN IRRITABLE OLD LADY."

"Never mind, sir," he said, with a feeble attempt at consolation; "maybe there will be a horrible accident before long."

"No such luck," grumbled Sindbad. "This is what I get for associating myself with an amateur explorer. Amateur explorer! Why, I begin to think that you're not even *that*! You never explored anything in your life, did you?"

Tom acknowledged sadly that he never had.

"I'm doing the best I can, Mr. Sindbad —" Tom began.

"Oh, I don't doubt that!" interrupted the explorer. "Say no more, I beg of you."

"I shall get used to your ways after a while, and then maybe things will be different," ventured the junior partner, timidly.

"Maybe," replied Sindbad; "but, to be honest with you, I'm afraid they won't be. This

seems to be a case of misplaced confidence; or perhaps I ought to say, poor judgment. I'm willing to take all the blame on myself, you see; I always was magnanimous, and I suppose I always shall be. But this business reminds me painfully of my experience with Hindbad; I don't like to say so, because I know it hurts your feelings, but I must, really."

Then the explorer sighed deeply and closed his eyes.

Tom sat silent and crestfallen for a long time. He keenly felt his unworthiness to associate so intimately with a man of Sindbad's eminence, and he heartily wished himself back in Oakdale.

"And I'll go back, too," he said to himself, "and go to work for Zeb Pettibone. This partnership might as well be dissolved first as last. I don't seem to take to the exploring business as I thought I would, and I suppose Sindbad will be glad to be rid of me. He's awfully short-tempered, anyhow; and I don't believe we would get along very well together. Then it would be very monotonous, too; for I'm sure no accident will ever happen while I'm—"

His soliloquy was cut short by a sudden shock which threw him from his chair. All the lights were extinguished; then Tom felt the car turn over and fall down—down—down.

It was with a feeling almost of relief that he reflected that an accident had actually happened; he knew how pleased Sindbad would be. He was about to call out to the explorer when his forehead came in violent contact with some hard object, and his senses left him.

"Ah—coming to, are you?" were the first words he heard when he recovered his consciousness. "Now is n't this perfectly delightful? It really seems like old times, does n't it? But I forget, you were not with me in the old Bagdad days."

"We're in a boat, are n't we?" said Tom, rather weakly. "I can't see anything."

"It's a rather dark night," replied Sindbad; "but the moon may be up before long. Yes, we are in a boat—a flat-bottomed rowboat. You see, the train ran off the track and dropped from a high bridge into a river. Several boats shot out from the shore, and this one shot right to the spot where I was swimming, with you under my left arm. We were hauled on board, and here we are. Do you think you are much injured?"

"No; my head hurts a little, that's all," said Tom, straining his eyes in a vain attempt to distinguish the forms of their rescuers, of whom he knew by the sound of the oars there were at least two. "Where are they taking us, sir?"

"Ah, that remains to be seen," answered Sindbad, in a mysterious voice. "This is no ordinary boat, my lad."

"Less noise there!" said a voice out of the darkness—a deep, hoarse, harsh voice, the very sound of which made Tom quake.

"Don't be alarmed," whispered Sindbad in his ear; "it's just this sort of thing that we're looking for." Then in a loud tone he said, addressing the unseen oarsman: "That's all right, my friend; my partner and I were just saying how very kind it was of you to take all this trouble on our account."

"Well, you keep quiet, that's all," replied the unseen.

"I hardly think you know who I am, my good fellow," said the explorer, the tones of his voice showing the annoyance he felt. "My name is Sindbad—G. W. Sindbad, formerly of Bagdad."

"Don't you 'good fellow' me," was the response, uttered in an angry tone. "I know who you are well enough; and let me tell you, you are in the biggest scrape of your life—one that you won't get out of in a hurry."

"Is n't this great?" whispered Sindbad in Tom's ear.

(To be continued.)

MONDAY IN KITTEN-LAND.



"THE SCHOOL-BELL IS RINGING!"

KITTENS MUST NOT
PUFF DURING
SCHOOL HOURS



THE LAST ONE IN.

HEMMED IN WITH THE CHIEF.

BY FRANK WELLES CALKINS.

My father was one of the earliest settlers in Western Iowa. He kept a fur-trading store up where old Fort Meade now stands, in the early '40's, and the Ponca-Omahas, whose villages were some miles above, did considerable trading with him.

They were a peaceable, friendly lot; and after I returned from school at Detroit, I became well acquainted with some of the chiefs who came to bring furs in exchange for goods.

Among these Indians was old *Wa-sah-be Jinghe* (Little Black Bear), or Little Bear, as we used to call him, a sociable old fellow. He could talk English fairly well for an Indian, and was a man of consequence in his tribe.

It was in the second year after my return from school, that I arranged with Little Bear to go with his band on a fall buffalo-hunt. I was then seventeen or thereabouts, fond of hunting, and of a wild life.

We set out in September, more than a hundred men, women, and children, myself the only white person in the outfit. I drove a team of horses to a light wagon. Little Bear also had a wagon, as had two or three others; but most of the Indians used pack and saddle ponies, with the usual travois-poles dragging behind. We drove a herd of hunting-ponies. In fact, we represented the motley and barbarous appearance of Indians on the move.

It was yet early for the buffalo to begin to move southward from the upper Missouri; and though several scouts were on the alert each day, we sighted only two or three considerable bunches during the first week. We succeeded in surrounding one band, and killed about thirty. It was exciting while it lasted—a kind of mixed *mêlée* in which racing, plunging, shooting, and yelling indulged one's taste for adventure to the fullest extreme. After the hunt, the meat was cut up and carried to camp by the squaws, who

had followed at a distance, while we hunters—some fifty of us—rode ahead with a tremendous flourish.

Upon this first hunt I killed one young bull. I kept a small hump steak, the tongue, and hide, and, cutting the rest into about equal parts, gave one to each head of a family in the band. This earned for me the name of *Washushe*, meaning "good" or "generous," by which I was known among the Omahas ever after that.

It was the next morning after this hunt that the chief, Little Bear, came to my tent, just as I had finished my steak, biscuit, and coffee. He brought two wolfskin disguises, which I had before seen in his tepee. Each was made of two wolf-pelts sewed together, with mounted nose and tail, and there were arm-holes with short skin sleeves, and leggings for the thighs, which came nearly down to the knees, the whole covering fastened to the body with deer-skin thongs.

He had before promised to take me on a "wolf-hunt" after buffalo, and he now put on the largest of the coverings, and manœvered about in front of my tent, showing the various attitudes of the wolf, in shambling along, in trotting, and in sneaking upon its prey.

His squaw, who was wielding her *wewajaba* (fleshing-knife) upon an upturned buffalo-pelt pinned to the ground with wooden pegs, stopped her work and grinned approval. He certainly mimicked the wolf well: and the disguise, excepting the legs and the size, was perfect.

"Hoogh!" he said, when he had shown me how to act in crawling up to game, "we go hunt um *tewan* that way"; pointing to the northwest up the creek.

I was glad to go upon a still-hunt; for, to tell the truth, the mixed hurly-burly of the usual Ponca method, and its useless dangers, did not

recommend it to me when I had had time to reflect after the excitement was over.

When Little Bear and I mounted our ponies and rode out that morning, the camp was in an uproar, as usual in the preparation for a hunt. A scout had come in with news of a big herd to the eastward, and the Indians were running in ponies, saddling and cinching them on all hands, and there was much bucking and plunging among the wild and skittish ones, as usual. Squaws were hustling about at the command of their lords and masters, and young lads, in half-leggings and short shirts, were rushing to and fro, making a great parade of helping to get the hunters started.

Little Bear must have told his leaders of the proposed hunt with me, for no one paid the slightest attention to our going out.

We jogged directly up the little valley for an hour or more; and then, in rounding a point of the hill, sighted a large band of buffalo feeding among the ravines, and upon the slopes on the opposite side of the valley. There was an immense number in sight, but, as the high grounds were covered as far over as we could see, we knew there must be more beyond.

Little Bear grunted with huge satisfaction, and gave me to understand in hurried words of Ponca and pigeon English that the big herds were coming down from the north.

We hustled our ponies into a ravine near at hand, and tied them to some bull-berry bushes. Then, carrying our disguises and guns, the chief with his bow and arrows at his back, we slipped down the ravine into the creek channel, keeping entirely out of sight of the herd. The wind was fairly in our favor, and we kept along the bed of the stream, in which ran a little trickling brook at the bottom, until we reached the mouth of a dry run leading across the valley and through the middle of the herd. There were such runs and ravines cutting back into the hills every half mile or so.

Up this gully we went at a jog-trot, bending low, until it became so shallow that we could begin to see the buffalo upon the hills above.

The chief then squatted and motioned me down. We put on the wolf-skins, he taking the largest; for, despite his name, he was a large and powerfully made man.

Adjusting the eye-holes so that we could see plainly, we crawled out upon the open ground upon our hands and knees. Almost the first thing that happened to me was to get one of my knees filled with cactus spikes; and while I writhed about trying to pull them out, I heard Little Bear growling under his breath, "Hoogh! *tewan* heap plenty — we kill heap!"

He had steered clear of the cactus. As soon as the pain would let me look about me, I saw that we were, indeed, in the midst of a "heap" of buffalo. The hills on both sides were now freckled with them, some feeding and some lying down; while up the ravine the high lands swarmed with them as far as one could see.

On both sides of the run there were half a hundred buffalo, perhaps, scattered about close at hand, some of them within bow-shot. These last, which were cropping the feather-grass, stopped occasionally to gaze curiously at our advance.

We shambled slowly along, the chief in front, and evidently determined to crawl into the very midst of the herd before beginning execution.

We passed within a dozen yards of a big bull, who snorted at our advance and shook his huge shaggy head angrily. Then he followed us and began to paw the ground and bellow in a hoarse, muttering note. Glancing over my shoulder I noticed that he was even threatening attack. Little Bear, too, had halted, and was looking back, I thought, uneasily; but he moved on again when the bull came no closer, while I, imitating his wolfish movements as closely as possible, followed after him. I saw that the groups of buffalo were growing more numerous on all sides, and a score of them were coming toward us with their shaggy fronts lifted. My heart thumped hard against my ribs with excitement.

"Let 's shoot some of them," I whispered. At that instant a number of the bulls began to bellow, and to throw dirt with their hoofs.

Their noise and stir started a herd down the nearest hill, and we saw a host of them come tearing down the slope, with long, lunging jumps, some of them flinging their heels and tails high in the air, jumping sidewise, and bawling in a mad, freakish way, just as cattle sometimes plunge down a hill, half in play, half in a state of nervous excitement. There

was now a perfect bedlam of noise, and clouds of dust were rising on all hands. The chief motioned to me to shoot.

I carried a short, thick-barreled buffalo-gun—it was before the days of breech-loaders—which threw an ounce and a half slug. I aimed at a bull some fifty feet away, who offered a broadside shot in his pawing. The heavy ball knocked him off his feet, and the next moment he was at the last gasp.

The chief also fired his rifle, with what effect I did not see, for our shots did not startle even the nearest animals, so great was the noise of their own bawlings, and so thick the cloud of dust they had raised. A mad craze seemed suddenly to have possessed the whole herd, for a great crowd had pressed down out of the ravine, and hundreds were plunging down the bluffs. The situation had suddenly become startling and dangerous.

The chief, in alarm, sprang to his feet, and threw the wolf-skin from his head. I did the same. He had evidently counted on scattering the buffalo, and frightening them off by our first shots.

Instead, a tumbling mass of them had gathered about the animal which I had shot, and, excited to greater frenzy than ever by the smell of blood, were filling the air with hoarse, deep, quavering roars, which made the ground tremble under us.

The dust from the multiplying numbers which surged in toward us, pervaded as it was with alkali, set me into a paroxysm of sneezing and coughing in spite of my intense alarm. It now enveloped us in so thick a cloud that we could practically see nothing. Suddenly the chief seized me by the arm. "Come," he said, "we go quick!" and we started at a run. We dodged hither and thither to get out of the way of plunging, bawling animals, many of which lunged past within arm's reach.

The dust had grown continuously thicker, and my eyes, filled with the smarting alkali, failed me utterly before we had run fifty yards. I was again seized by a violent fit of coughing and sneezing.

I shouted to Little Bear, between my coughings, that I could not see. He answered only, "We go quick—quick!" and keeping a tight

grip upon my arm, jerked me this way and that, as we rushed ahead.

But, active and powerful as he was, he could not save me in my blindness from collision. I was hit by one of the huge animals, and knocked over. The creature struck me on the left side, and I was wrenched from the chief's grasp, and sent rolling over and over in the dust. In fact, I was knocked breathless, half-stunned, and could not have arisen at once of my own accord. I should have been run over and crushed but for the chief. As it was, I just had sense enough to know that I was jerked from the ground, tossed upward and borne forward upon his shoulders.

He ran like a deer, carrying me as if I had been a papoose, jumping and dodging this way and that, among the throng of animals, whose rumbling tread sounded in my ears like the muttering of thunder.

Twice he was run into and thrown, and we both measured our full lengths; but he was on his feet again in an instant, and, lifting me as before, darted ahead, seemingly unhurt. How he managed to keep his eyesight and his bearings in that choking cloud, and among that excited mass of animals, is, and always will be, a mystery to me.

But he did it.

He carried me out of that bellowing, crazy crowd of animals, and set me upon my feet upon the hill above them, giving utterance to a huge grunt of satisfaction when he found that I could stand.

When I had rubbed the dust out of my eyes, somewhat, I saw him grinning humorously at me. The herds had rolled on across the valley, and were going over the opposite hills.

Undoubtedly I owed my life to Little Bear, and I was grateful to him. On returning to the buffalo which I had killed, we found my rifle with stock and locks badly broken and crushed; the gun was ruined; and even the tough carcass of the dead animal had been so trampled as to be almost beyond recognition.

There was plenty of exciting work after this, and we killed many buffalo in our wolf-skin disguises. But we were careful thereafter not to be caught in the midst of charging herds.



"HE RAN LIKE A DEER, CARRYING ME AS IF I HAD BEEN A PAPOOSE."

HOW THE FLAG WAS SAVED.

(A Story with two sequels. A second sequel to "The Fairport Nine.")

BY NOAH BROOKS.

A SEQUEL is a continuation of a story; it is a second story that comes after another one, to add to it what could not be told in the first place. But a story that I once told the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* is a story with two sequels.

Fifteen years ago, as certain grown-up people may remember, I wrote for the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, who are now the grown-ups, a story called "The Fairport Nine." It was all about a party of boys who had a base-ball club in Fairport, Maine, and who made of themselves a little company of soldiers. In the story, they played base-ball matches with the "White Bears," a rival company of boys; and they paraded as a militia company, with a fife and drum and flag. It was this flag that made it possible to have sequels to the story of "The Fairport Nine," as you shall hear.

The boys in "The Fairport Nine" were real boys, and I was one of them. We lived in the town of Castine, Maine, and I merely changed the name of that dear old town to Fairport when I wrote the story. And when I told how a flag was presented to us, as a company, by some of the grown-up girls of the village, and how I, as the standard-bearer of the Fairport Nine, received the flag, and made a little speech in reply to the grown-up girl who presented it, I was telling only what actually happened so many years before. The boys' company paraded with the flag in 1840; the story was printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* in 1880—forty years afterward.

Seven years after the story was printed, I found the copies of the written speeches delivered by the standard-bearer and by the young lady who presented the flag to us. For, as I was the little standard-bearer, then aged ten years, the written speeches, now yellow with age, had been kept in the family through all these years. Meanwhile, as the years were spinning away into the dim and far-away past,

the boys of that small militia company had grown up and had taken their part and lot in life; and most of them had done their whole duty by their country when the country needed help.

So, in 1887, seven years after the story of "The Fairport Nine" had been printed in *ST. NICHOLAS*, I wrote the first sequel of that tale, in which was related the finding of the papers on which were written the speeches made when the flag was presented; and I took that opportunity to tell something about the boys who had grown to be men and had profited by the lessons they received in their native town of Castine so many years before. That sequel was printed in *ST. NICHOLAS* in March, 1887, nine years ago, and was entitled "A Lesson in Patriotism."

In the course of time, as we grew up, the boys' company of militia paraded no more; but the flag presented to us was kept in my custody as standard-bearer of the "Fairport Nine." When it disappeared, I do not know; but after a while, when I looked for it, it could not be found; and, as other things more important to a growing boy than a boys' flag began to come into my life, I forgot all about it.

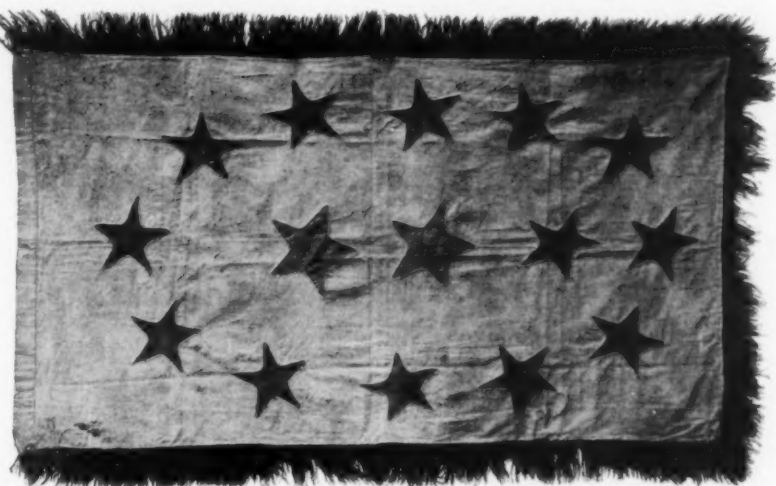
And yet, it was a very beautiful flag—at least, we thought so. It was made of white cotton cloth, and was four feet long and two feet wide. In an oval line on that flag were set twelve red stars; and in the middle of the oval were three stars, two blue and one red. The flag was bordered with a bright red worsted fringe which came from the cabin curtains of the good ship "Canova," built on the Penobscot River, in 1823, and owned in Castine. When the ship was refitted in our port, about the time of which I am writing, the cabin furnishings were changed, and the big girls who made our flag were allowed to take the curtain-fringe; and, having beautified the flag with

that, they further decorated it with a red cord and two handsome tassels, which, after many a foreign voyage in the cabin of the Canova, were fastened on the flagstaff of the Fairport Nine, and dangled in the breeze, making a very brave show indeed.

I do not believe that any real soldier in the ranks of any army looks upon the flag of his regiment proudly fluttering over his head with greater pride than that with which we boys looked on the white flag with its group of red and blue stars. And yet, when it disappeared from my bedroom, where it was safely laid away, nobody missed it until it had been gone for a long time. The truth is that the sports of childhood had been left far behind in the real battle of life.

But about a year ago a very strange thing happened. The pastor of the village church lives in the house that was formerly owned and occupied by the father of two of my playmates. Neither of those boys was a member of the Fairport Nine, however; one of them was older than any of us, and the other was much younger than any of us. Their father has been dead several years, and the present tenant of the house in which the boys had lived had occasion to make some changes inside of the building. One day, while removing some of the laths and plastering of a partition, the good pastor was considerably surprised to find in the space between two walls of lath-and-plaster a folded bundle of cloth. He drew it forth from its hiding-place, and shook out its dusty folds. It was the long-lost flag of the Fairport Nine!

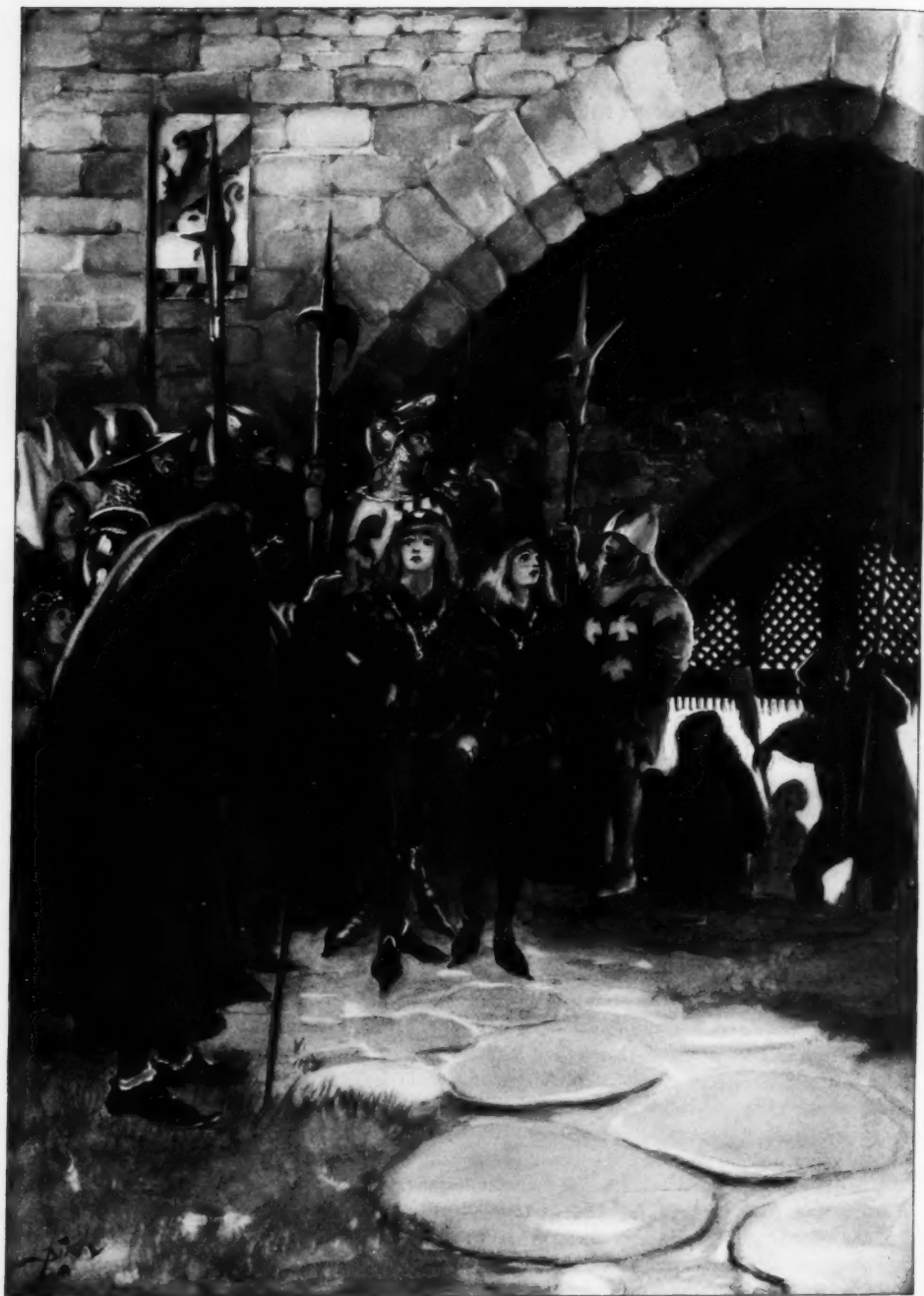
Was n't this a famous find? And how did the pastor know that he had found the flag of the Fairport Nine? He had read in St. NICHOLAS a description of the flag, as it was written and put into a picture in 1887, and he knew it as soon as he saw it; and his children, living in the town where the Fairport Nine had flourished in 1840, had read the story as it was printed in 1880, and the sequel as it was printed in 1887. I suppose they will read this other sequel when it is printed in 1896, although they



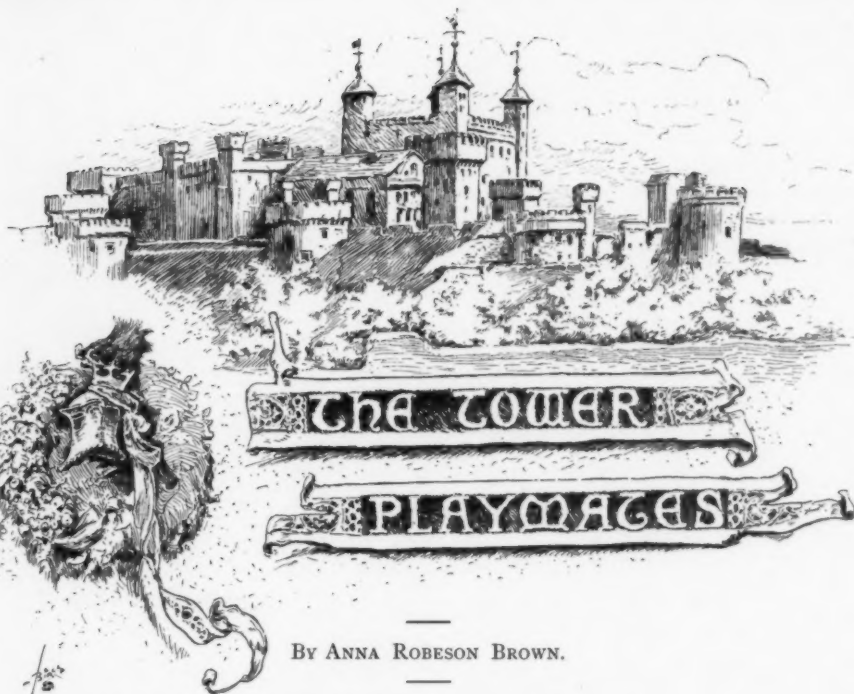
THE FLAG OF THE "FAIRPORT NINE."

are now young ladies, as big as the big girls that gave us the flag in 1840, and which is now so wonderfully restored to the writer, who was the standard-bearer.

The flag of the Fairport Nine is still in a good state of preservation, although its colors are faded and its white field is yellow with old age. It hangs in the study of the old man who carried it so proudly fifty-six years ago, when he was a very small boy. And as he looks on its faded folds, and recalls the names and lives of those who marched under the flying colors so long ago, he remembers with thankfulness that every one of the little soldiers has done his whole duty by his country, and that some of them were permitted to give to their beloved land the last offering that man can give — life on the field of battle.



"TWO BOYS—THE ELDEST HARDLY TWELVE—WITH TRAIN OF MEN AND GUARDS,
WHO WALKED WITH HEAVY TREAD AROUND THE MIGHTY WALLS AND WARDS."



BY ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

The Lord Lieutenant's daughter, a little maid of ten,
On Tower Green she played at ball, beloved by Tower men;
Her merry face, beneath its coil of silk and string of pearls,
Made her, in all her bright attire, the pink of little girls.
For every stately guardsman she had a gentle word,
And often in the barrack-room her prattling voice was heard;
While, to the prisoners' weary eyes, whene'er her head was seen
Beyond their rusty bars, it made a sunlight on the green.
Bess to her mother clung in fear as thro' the Traitor's Gate
'Twixt many a line of armed men two prisoners passed in state:
Two boys — the eldest hardly twelve — with train of men and guards,
Who walked with heavy tread around the mighty walls and wards;
Grim, scowling men who did not cry, as some were wont to do,
"Good-morrow, little Mistress Bess! How fares the world with you?"

One day Bess crept from home by stealth; she took her simple toys
Into a shady courtyard nook, well hid and far from noise.
And while she played she glanced about, and saw above her head
A deep cut window in the wall, its bars with rust grown red,
Grasping at these, two children's hands. Two pairs of merry eyes
Looked down from 'neath the flaxen locks, and laughed at her surprise.
"Who are you, maid?" a quick voice cried, imperious and gay.
"Bess Brackenbury, please, fair sir; I only came to play.
My father's Lord Lieutenant here; he keeps the Tower keys,
And guards the prisoners safely. But who are you, sir, please?"

Then quoth the blue-eyed boy, still bent
 above the rusty sill,
 "I would the Lord Lieutenant had others
 at his will!
 Stay, child; that daisy pluck for me—a grass-
 blade—anything!
 Within these walls no token comes of winter
 or of spring.
 Some day I 'll sure requite
 you—I am a royal
 king!"

Now English maids are
 loyal as English
 hearts are free;
 So, "Yea, my liege!" quoth
 little Bess (a court-
 bred maid was she!);
 She made a sweeping
 courtesy,—her care-
 ful mother's pride,—
 And plucked the daisy
 daintily, its curling
 leaves beside.

Alas! too far above her
 head the straining
 hands were set;
 And though on tiptoe high
 she stood, no nearer
 could she get.
 And so the blue-eyed boys
 above, the brown-
 eyed maid below,
 Stayed many a minute
 chattering till little
 Bess must go.
 Day after day the rusty
 grate by boyish hands
 was pressed,
 Day after day the court-
 yard nook rang loud
 with chat and jest,
 Until dear friends the chil-
 dren grew; all state
 was laid aside,—
 Edward was "Ned," and Richard "Dick,"
 and Bess "the Royal Bride"!
 For Edward vowed, if e'er released from
 prison cell was he,

Bess Brackenbury should be his Queen, and
 never maid but she!

Thus days and weeks sped quickly by; each
 hour was full and fair.
 One day Bess to the window came, and no
 two heads were there.



"THOUGH ON TIPTOE HIGH SHE STOOD, NO NEARER COULD SHE GET."

She waited till the noonday sun shone hot
 on Tower Green;
 She waited till the sunset-gun—till the new
 moon was seen.

Her mother hunted wildly with many a sob
and cry:

"Oh, woe this day for England's babes if three
fair children die!"

But Bessie lingered, sobbing; she listened
'neath the grate;

Cried first, "It is too early!" and then, "It
is too late!"

She sat upon the cold, gray stones, and
hugged the precious toys

Which she had brought to show her friends,
who had no kindred joys!

She waited, hungry, weary; when, sudden, to
the spot

Her father—wild-eyed, white-faced, trem-
bling-handed, hoping not—

Came, and caught her to his bosom. "Oh,
naughty daughter Bess!

What art thou doing in this place so far
from our distress?"

Poor Bessie on his shoulder sobbed out her
hidden pain.

"Oh, father dear, they did not come; I waited
long in vain!"

But when he heard the story, he turned away
his face;

She might not see the sudden tears that
crept and dropped apace.

"They will not come again, my Bess; thy play-
mates are not there;

And England's coming years shall mark this
day for England's prayer!

Thy playmates wait for thee, my dear; and
some day thou shalt know

How every loyal English heart shares in thy
childish woe!"

Bess wondered, did not understand, wept for
her friends full sore;

And gladly in her mother's arms saw home
and bed once more.

But still, in long years after, to her grand-
child on her knee

She told the same old story of the Tower
playmates three;

The little 'prisoned princes, her friends and
comrades dear;

And their wicked Uncle "Crookback," whose
crimes caused many a tear.

While often, when the fire-light rose, some
wondering youngster said,

"Grandmother, tell the story of the King with
whom you played!"





A DREAM IN FEBRUARY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

COME to me, my precious Polly,—put away
that tiresome dolly;

Let me tell you what I dreamed here in my
chair beside the door:

Such a dream!—the day befitting; for I dozed
while you were sitting

Counting up your Valentines, dear, in the
sunshine on the floor.

Now what can a gruff old codger like myself,
your crusty lodger,

Have to do with youth and romance, “loves
and doves,” and holidays?

Can you look at me, unwinking, and declare
you are not thinking

Some such disrespectful thought, Miss, with
your wide, transparent gaze?

Yet to me, gray-haired and stooping as I am,
from Dreamland trooping,

Fair as when they first wore blushes (you may
doubt me if you please!),

All the pretty Mauds and Marys of a hun-
dred Februaries

Came a-tripping, dancing, curtsying, bright as
blossoms in a breeze—

Every damsel for whose wooing ever came a
missive suing

In the golden words of good St. Valentine's
enchanted art:

Every maid at whom the cunning Cupid, on
his errands running,

Ever on this day in elfin mischief aimed his
airy dart.

There was Marian, tall and stately, pacing
down the room sedately,

With her stiff brocade and satin brushing
Chloe's muslin gown;

There was Nell, the farmer's lassie, fresh from
fields and pastures grassy;

Proud Inez, and Sue, the sailor's sweetheart,
with the sea-winds brown.

Moll, the milkmaid, buxom, blowzy, with her
curly locks all frowzy;
Sweet Priscilla, looking shyly from her rosy,
quaint calash;
Saucy Mab, romantic Celia, dove-like Ruth,
and grave Cornelia,
Bashful Bess, and Kate, her black eyes kindling
with a roguish flash.

Maids from castle, cot, and kitchen, rustic
Joan, and Gertrude, rich in
Bygone splendors, high, historic, of an ancient
place and time;
And a modern girl from college, turning from
her hoarded knowledge
To peruse, with eyes of laughter, some one's
brave but halting rhyme.

Such a stir of garments flowing, ribbons flying,
ringlets blowing;
Such a clicking, gay and quick, in dancing steps,
of high-heeled shoes!
Such a rain of glances, pettish, tender, trust-
ful, arch, coquettish,—
How among that bevy could a poor bewil-
dered bachelor choose?

My old eyes were dazzled fairly. Sure, so
bright a vision rarely
Even upon this day of wonders may a mor-
tal man behold.
And I loved them all. Nay, Polly, never
look so melancholy;
For the strangest part, and sweetest, of my
story is not told.

As I gazed, in look and feature of each
pretty, blushing creature
Something—here 's the marvel—slowly I
began to recognize.
*Under bonnet, hood, or wimple, every face
with smile and dimple
Bent my Polly's gaze upon me, looked at me
with Polly's eyes!*

Clad in modern garb or olden, black her
hair, or brown, or golden,
Still each little maid my Polly's own beloved
likeness wore.
In a hundred forms, each sweeter than the
last, I turned to greet her,
And awoke—to see you sitting in the sun-
shine on the floor!

Ah, my sweetheart, did the seeming of my
all-unconscious dreaming,
After all, but prove the power of Love's in-
imitable art?
And does every loyal lover in all faces fair
discover
But the one, the face beloved, that is mirrored
in his heart?

Is there something in all loving, laughing eyes
their kinship proving—
Some sweet, common look forever of all love
the seal and sign?
Or—but there, we will not quarrel! Kiss me,
dear; I 'll skip the moral.
Take me, Polly, for your ancient but devoted
Valentine!





*When the leaves are gone, the birds are gone,
And 't is very silent at the dawn.*

*Snowbird, nuthatch, chickadee,—
Come and cheer the lonely tree!*

*When the leaves are gone, the flowers are gone,
Fast asleep beneath the ground withdrawn.*

*Flowers of snow, so soft and fine —
Clothe the shivering branch and vine!*

"WHEN the leaves are gone, where are they gone?" was once asked me by an intelligent child.

"Let us go and see," I answered.

So my young questioner and I set forth on a tour of investigation. It was a sunshiny afternoon, the last day of November. First, we went through the orchard, where a few scattering leaves still clung to the gnarly branches. And the ground was as bare as though a thousand thousand leaves had not sunned and aired themselves, and drunk the sweet dew, in pleasant comradeship, all spring and summer. But as we came to the zigzag fence of rails, which bounded the orchard, we found that the broom of the wind had swept into the fence-corners the missing leaves, where they rustled under our feet, and whispered mysterious things.

From the orchard we went down the lane and into the woods, stopping to examine whatever interested us by the way. In places sure to be shielded from the cold winds of late autumn, we found blue violets, the foster-children of old November, who had strayed away from their own dear mother, May. There were also dandelions along the lane, some in bloom,

and some gone to seed. The blossoms would be only one inch from the ground, while the feathery seed-balls would be as high again, showing that the stem had grown after the flower ceased blooming. Bright as were the flowers, they grew so near the ground that we thought they shrank away as though they had seen the whip of winter lifted to strike them; and, indeed, it was the cold that caused them to be so stunted. And yet, so brave and hardy is the dandelion, that one will find scattered blooms about the pastures even in late December, and the shining seed-balls hugging the ground so closely that they might be taken for silver luck-pennies.

We stopped to look at the downy content of that sober plant, the mullein. Many plants had the central leaves folded continuously one about another, until a sort of large, gray-green bud was formed; and in one of these buds a bee was taking an afternoon nap, snugly sheltered from the air, which was growing somewhat chilly. We thought that any prudent insect might find a comfortable winter-home by asking the mullein to open its velvet leaves just a little, and then to fold them tightly around the wanderer! And while we were speaking, a bluebottle fly went humming past us, as if to say he had no mind yet to be asking shelter of any one!

By a still, sunshiny pool, we noticed the handsome stonecrops as they seemed to wade from the margin into the water. They were a rich coral-red, showing off well among the faded weeds and withered rushes. We found life-everlasting still fragrant when we crumpled it in our hands; and we thought the dry, silvery

calyxes of the asters almost as pretty in their star-shapes as the flowers themselves had been; while the goldenrod now stood with its still gray plumes in all the angles of the fence. We had also to notice what surprised us not a little—that all the berry brambles had gathered along their red stems a whitish bloom, something like that which covers the purple of ripe grapes, or the crimson of the peach. We thought this white coating might have been intended as a sort of furry protection against the coming cold of winter.

The border of the woods wore a sleepy look of contentment, as if there all were quite ready for winter. We found the clematis trailing over low shrubs and weaving in and out among the thickets. Like the goldenrod in its old age, the clematis had put on silvery plumes in place of flowers, and we bore away with us for decorations at home some of the graceful festoons of this vine. Still more ambitious than the clematis was the greenbrier (a species of *smilax*), which had gone climbing quite above our heads, and had suspended its clusters of small green-black berries, which might have been supposed to be fairy grapes, and which we hoped some late-lingering bird would find and eat, on a hungry winter morning now not far away. And while we were saying this, a number of little people in gray and black, as fantastic as maskers, came fluttering into the nooses of the clematis and greenbrier. "Dee! DEE! DEE! what do you here, coming without permission into our territory?" There are not so many words in the chickadee language, but such as there are are most expressive, and we soon beat a retreat. Not long after we entertained ourselves by playing hide-and-seek around a great tree-trunk with a nuthatch. Now, the nuthatch has the advantage of his cousin the woodpecker in one respect—he can go around the trunk of a tree head downward as well as in the upright position; and he was, on this occasion, full of quick and cunning ways.

While still not far in the woods, we came to a dear, hospitable nook under a protecting bank, where a tinkling spring, descending to meet a quiet stream, kept the mosses green, though it was so near frosty December. As we

listened to the gentle music of the spring,—“tinkle, tinkle,”—the same notes came repeated from a distance to us. We had to think twice before we decided that what we heard was the sound of sheep-bells in a pasture some fields away. Then we said that, for those who listen well, the various voices in nature—both living and unconscious voices—have much that is in common; and my sweet child-comrade told me how she had once heard a sparrow singing like a running brook as he perched on a willow branch, close by!

As we wound along the little woodland stream that slipped so softly by we could scarcely hear it, we saw what had become of hosts and hosts of leaves of all varieties. The little stream had drowned them without a murmur; and now they lay, brown, red, and amber, on the shallow bed, looking brighter than when they fluttered, dry and rustling, along the ground. There were great leaves of the sycamore (which must be a thirsty tree, since it is so often found by running water), leaves broad as a giant's hand, brown as leather, and with the smell of wet leather. There were, also, large grape-vine leaves, with curious patterns wrought upon them by some insect—scallop and scrollwork and fantastic zigzag lines. There were dark-red oak-leaves, many of which had round little balls growing upon them; and in every ball was the egg of an insect called the gall-fly. Then we recalled how the stately wands of the goldenrod which we had noticed in the lane would often have a round, very hard woody growth in the middle of the stem. This, too, was a winter home—the cradle of a grub that would become in time a gauzy-winged fly.

But we had come to find out, when the leaves are gone, *where* they are gone. Wherever there was a slight hollow in the woods, it would be so filled up with leaves as to be level with the higher ground; and we would often heedlessly go over our ankles in the brown drifts; and wherever was an old hollow stump, there the leaves would be stored—much as though some tidy gardener had found this means of disposing of them. No wonder, with such a comfortable coverlet above them, the seeds are kept warm and alive, so that when spring

comes these old stumps sometimes show us lovely miniature gardens. "Yes," I said to my little friend, "you may call the leaves nature's patchwork quilt, which she tucks down cozily around her darlings when they first go asleep, so that they need never be chilled."

"If the old leaves could only know how much good they do, I should think it would make them very happy, and they would n't mind so much having to leave their homes on the trees," returned my bright young comrade.

But now the wind began to rise, and the bare tree-tops to sigh all together, and strange, small noises here and there to cause us to look

about, to discover if any one was coming behind us. There would be danger of falling branches, or of some old tree itself falling if the wind should blow hard; and so we must be gone. As we made our way out, far through the maple aisles, sunward, we saw the leaves in great quantities suddenly lifted on the wind. Just for a moment they seemed like bright shifting sands, or like the ripples of a yellow stream flickering in the sunshine. We knew that when the wind ceased to blow one might know which way it had blown; for the leaves would be left pointing in one direction, stems side by side, and the tips of the leaves likewise.

LETTERS TO A BOY.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WITH NOTES BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR HOSKYNs: I am kept away in a cupboard because everybody has the Influenza; I never see anybody at all, and never do anything whatever except to put ink on paper up here in my room. So what can I find to write to you? You, who are going to school, and getting up in the morning to go bathing, and having (it seems to me) rather a fine time of it in general?

You ask if we have seen Arick? Yes, your mother saw him at the head of a gang of boys, and looking fat, and sleek, and well-to-do. I have an idea that he misbehaved here, because he was homesick for the other Black Boys, and did n't know how else to get back to them. Well, he has got them now, and I hope he likes it better than I should.

I read the other day something that I thought would interest so great a sea bather as yourself. You know that the fishes that we see, and catch,

go only a certain way down into the sea. Below a certain depth there is no life at all. The water is as empty as the air is above a certain height. Even the shells of dead fishes that come down there are crushed into nothing by the huge weight of the water. Lower still, in the places where the sea is profoundly deep, it appears that life begins again. People fish up in dredging-buckets loose rags and tatters of creatures that hang together all right down there with the great weight holding them in one, but come all to pieces as they are hauled up. Just what they look like, just what they do or feed upon, we shall never find out. Only that we have some flimsy fellow-creatures down in the very bottom of the deep seas, and cannot get them up except in tatters. It must be pretty dark where they live, and there are no plants or weeds, and no fish come down there, or drowned sailors either, from the upper parts, because these are all mashed to pieces by the great weight long before they get so far, or else come to a place where perhaps they float. But I daresay a

cannon sometimes comes careering solemnly down, and circling about like a dead leaf or thistledown; and then the ragged fellows go and play about the cannon and tell themselves all kinds of stories about the fish higher up and their iron houses, and perhaps go inside and sleep, and perhaps dream of it all like their betters.

Of course you know a cannon down there would be quite light. Even in shallow water, where men go down with a diving-dress, they grow so light that they have to hang weights about their necks, and have their boots loaded with twenty pounds of lead—as I know to my sorrow. And with all this, and the helmet, which is heavy enough of itself to anyone up here in the thin air, they are carried about like gossamers, and have to take every kind of care not to be upset and stood upon their heads. I went down once in the dress, and speak from experience. But if we could get down for a moment near where the fishes are, we should be in a tight place. Suppose the water not to crush us (which it would), we should pitch about in every kind of direction; every step we took would carry us as far as if we had seven-league boots; and we should keep flying head over heels, and top over bottom, like the liveliest clowns in the world.

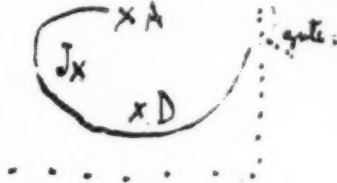
Well, sir, here is a great deal of words put down upon a piece of paper, and if you think that makes a letter, why, very well! And if you don't, I can't help it. For I have nothing under heaven to tell you.

So, with kindest wishes to yourself, and Louie, and Aunt Nellie, believe me,

Your affectionate UNCLE LOUIS.

Now here is something more worth telling you. This morning at six o'clock I saw all the horses together in the front paddock, and in a terrible ado about something. Presently I saw a man with two buckets on the march, and knew where the trouble was—the cow! The whole lot cleared to the gate but two—Donald, the big white horse, and my Jack. They stood solitary, one here, one there. I began to get interested, for I thought Jack was off his feed. In came the man with the bucket and all the ruck of curious horses at his tail. Right round he went to where Donald stood (D) and poured out a feed, and the majestic Donald ate

it, and the ruck of common horses followed the man. On he went to the second station, Jack's, (J in the plan) and poured out a feed, and the fools of horses went in with him to the next



place (A in the plan). And behold as the train swung round, the last of them came curiously too near Jack; and Jack left his feed and rushed upon this fool with a kind of outcry, and the fool fled, and Jack returned to his feed; and he and Donald ate theirs with glory, while the others were still circling round for fresh feeds.

Glory be to the name of Donald and to the name of Jack, for they had found out where the foods were poured, and each took his station and waited there, Donald at the first of the course for his, Jack at the second station, while all the impotent fools ran round and round after the man with his buckets!

R. L. S.

[Mr. Stevenson tells in the next letter how the demon "Tu" took up his quarters in the stable, and made things very lively for Mr. and Mrs. Talolo. Samoans believe that all sickness comes from the evil influence of such bogies.

The "Soldier Room," as it was called, in which Talolo and his wife took refuge from the demon Tu, was where Mr. Stevenson and I used to play a very interesting game with tin soldiers. We called it the "war-game," or "kriegspiel," for it was much the same as the mimic campaigns played by German officers in Europe. It was the most elaborate game I ever heard of, and the longest, for sometimes a single war lasted two months. A map was drawn on the floor, with rivers, mountains, towns, and roads all marked in different-colored chalk, and the two antagonists, with foot-rules, pen, and paper, and some five hundred tin soldiers apiece, occupied the territory assigned them. Everything was calculated to day's-

marches, and in some proportion to real life. Infantry marched ten inches a day on roads, cavalry eighteen inches, or twelve when hindered by light cannon, while the heavy artillery crawled along at the rate of three inches a day. The range of infantry fire, when unaccompanied by cannon, was twelve inches; the range of cannon was eighteen inches; and the number of shots was regulated by the number of regiments of four tin soldiers each. Thus an army of forty regiments, with heavy artillery, would be permitted forty shots; or eighty shots if it possessed two heavy cannon. The firing was managed by means of a little spring-gun loaded with duck-shot pellets. A single pellet was the plain infantry or cavalry shot; two pellets the light-artillery charge; six pellets the heavy artillery. I must say that if Mr. Stevenson usually out-maneuvered me by his brilliant combinations and dashing play, I was a deadly marksman with the spring-gun.

The evolutions of the mimic armies were nicely calculated to scale, while the question of provisions and ammunition was met by little tin dies that had to be expended in proportion to the amount of firing or marching. Four tin dies a day was the price of heavy artillery's existence, and two for light cannon; and for every shot fired a single die had to be paid back to the base. The dies were brought back again in "carts" which held twenty dies apiece, and very often an army would get woefully short from want of foresight and thrift in this department. When an army could no longer meet its daily expenses, it had to desert its guns and carts on the road, and scatter in every direction; then the enemy's cavalry would get after it, and take every man prisoner who was within shooting range.

The game began by covering the ground with bits of paper, on which was written the strength of the force they represented. Then a week might be spent in little cavalry skirmishes by which both sides would try to "uncover" the other's paper and learn his dispositions. If you beat in the enemy's outposts, he had to tell you whether he was "in force" or not—that is, whether he had more or less than five regiments, with or without artillery. It used to be very exasperating sometimes to fail in

uncovering these slips, and find half-way through the game that you were still in the dark. Perhaps you might be scared into massing troops to hold a bit of paper in check that stood for nothing at all!

The weather, too, was not neglected, and like the real article in the real world it played an important part in a campaign; for sometimes the troops could march only half distances, and the heavy guns would be absolutely blocked by stress of rain or snow at most critical periods of the war. The big battles were very exciting, and many difficulties had to be overcome in order to succeed, or to minimize defeat; the reserves had to be sufficient, the weather good, the army well provisioned and supplied, the lines of communication well guarded, so that they might not be cut by a sudden cavalry rush, and regiments must be stationed at bridges to blow them up in case of a disaster. But one was often compelled to fight under unfavorable conditions, for perhaps an innocent-looking piece of paper that you treated with contempt would blossom out into a vast force. Occasionally two opposing bits of paper would bluff each other through an entire game, and materially alter its whole character.

When your army was five times greater than the enemy's fighting-line taken together with twice his reserves, he had to surrender without a shot. But in order to achieve this you had to tell him how many regiments you possessed, and unless they were sufficient to make him surrender, he did not have to tell you anything about his own strength. Thus you took the risk of his knowing your entire force without getting any corresponding advantage. In fact, secrecy was such an essential part of the game that you would often not take the full number of shots you were entitled to in order to keep the enemy in the dark. Out of every three soldiers knocked over, two were plumped into the "dead box," and one taken home to the base, from which he marched out again, in company with resurrected men like himself, to reinforce weak points and add still more to the uncertainty of the war.

It was indeed a most delightful game, and we used to play it day after day with unflinching zest, until our knees would ache and our backs get



MATAUTU, EASTERN END OF APIA, SAMOA.

sore with the stooping and kneeling. In only one way did it fail to correspond to real warfare, and that was in the persistent and unshaken courage of our tin heroes. We tried to remedy this defect with the dice-box, making a rule that when three fours were thrown the army was to be seized with panic and retire a full day's march, deserting its cannon and ammunition. But the rule was soon given up, for it was too heartbreaking to have one's most skilful calculations upset by an unforeseen and quite unnecessary panic. The uncertainty of the weather was trying enough to a commander, without bothering him with unexpected routs, though it must be confessed that three fours are sometimes thrown on real battle-grounds.

I could write a great deal more about the game, were there space enough at my disposal, for I have done nothing more than outline its general character. Its ingenious and complex rules would fill a small volume.—L. O.]

IX. FROM UNCLE LOUIS.

VAILIMA.

MY DEAR AUSTIN: Now when the overseer is away I think it my duty to report to him anything serious that goes on on the plantation.

Early the other afternoon we heard that Sina's foot was very bad, and soon after that we could have heard her cries as far away as the front balcony. I think Sina rather enjoys being ill, and makes as much of it as she possibly can; but all the same it was painful to hear the cries; and there is no doubt she was at least very uncomfortable. I went up twice to the little room behind the stable, and found her lying on the floor, with Tali and Faauma and Talolo all holding on different bits of her. I gave her an opiate; but whenever she was about to go to sleep one of these silly people would be shaking her, or talking in her ear, and then she would begin to kick about again and scream.

Palema and Aunt Maggie took horse and went down to Apia after the doctor. Right on their heels off went Mitaele on Musu to fetch Tauilo, Talolo's mother. So here was all the island in a bustle over Sina's foot. No doctor came, but he told us what to put on. When I went up at night to the little room, I found Tauilo there, and the whole plantation boxed into the place like little birds in a nest. They were sitting on the bed, they were sitting on the table, the floor was full of them, and the place as close as the engine-room of a steamer. In



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND MEMBERS OF HIS HOUSEHOLD AT VAILIMA.
From a photograph never before published.

the middle lay Sina, about three parts asleep with opium; two able-bodied work boys were pulling at her arms, and whenever she closed her eyes calling her by name, and talking in her ear. I really did n't know what would become of the girl before morning. Whether or not she had been very ill before, this was the way to make her so, and when one of the work boys woke her up again, I spoke to him very sharply, and told Tauilo she must put a stop to it.

Now I suppose this was what put it into Tauilo's head to do what she did next. You remember Tauilo, and what a fine, tall, strong, Madame Lafarge sort of person she is? And you know how much afraid the natives are of the evil spirits in the wood, and how they think all sickness comes from them? Up stood Tauilo, and addressed the spirit in Sina's foot, and scolded it, and the spirit answered and promised to be a good boy and go away. I

do not feel so much afraid of the demons after this. It was Faauma told me about it. I was going out into the pantry after soda-water, and found her with a lantern drawing water from the tank. "Bad spirit he go away," she told me.

"That's first-rate," said I. "Do you know what the name of that spirit was? His name was *tautala* (talking)." "Oh, no!" she said; "his name is *Tu*."

You might have knocked me down with a straw. "How on earth do you know that?" I asked.

"Hear him tell Tauilo," she said.

As soon as I heard that, I began to suspect Mrs. Tauilo was a little bit of a ventriloquist; and imitating as well as I could the sort of voice they make, asked her if the bad spirit did not talk like that. Faauma was very much surprised, and told me that was just his voice.

Well, that was a very good business for the

evening. The people all went away because the demon was gone away, and the circus was over, and Sina was allowed to sleep. But the trouble came after. There had been an evil spirit in that room and his name was Tu. No one could say when he might come back again; they all voted it was Tu much; and now Talolo and Sina have had to be lodged in the Soldier Room. As for the little room by the stable, there it stands empty; it is too small to play soldiers in, and I do not see what we can do with it, except to have a nice brass name-plate engraved in Sydney, or in "Frisco," and stuck upon the door of it: *Mr. Tu*.

So you see that ventriloquism has its bad side as well as its good sides; and I don't know that I want any more ventriloquists on this plantation. We shall have *Tu* in the cook-house next, and then *Tu* in Lafaele's, and *Tu* in the workman's cottage; and the end of it all will be that we shall have to take the Tamaitai's room for the kitchen, and my room for the boys' sleeping house, and we shall all have to go out and camp under umbrellas.

Well, where you are, there may be schoolmasters, but there is no such thing as *Mr. Tu*!

Now, it's all very well that these big people should be frightened out of their wits by an old wife talking with her mouth shut; that is one of the things we happen to know about. All the old women in the world might talk with their mouths shut, and not frighten you or me, but there are plenty of other things that frighten us badly. And if we only knew about them, perhaps we should find them no more worthy to be feared than an old woman talking with her mouth shut. And the names of some of these things are Death, and Pain, and Sorrow.

UNCLE LOUIS.

Jan. 27, 1893.

DEAR GENERAL HOSKYNs: I have the honor to report as usual. Your giddy mother having gone planting a flower-garden, I am obliged to write with my own hand, and, of course, nobody will be able to read it. This has been a very mean kind of a month. Aunt Maggie left with the influenza. We have heard of her from Sydney, and she is all right again; but we have inherited her influenza, and

it made a poor place of Vailima. We had Talolo, Mitaele, Sosimo, Iopu, Sina, Misi Folo, and myself, all sick in bed at the same time; and was not that a pretty dish to set before the king! The big hall of the new house having no furniture, the sick pitched their tents in it,—I mean their mosquito nets,—like a military camp. The Tamaitai and your mother went about looking after them, and managed to get us something to eat. Henry, the good boy!



POLA VAILIMA. A SAMOAN BOY.

though he was getting it himself, did housework, and went round at night from one mosquito net to another, praying with the sick. Sina, too, was as good as gold, and helped us

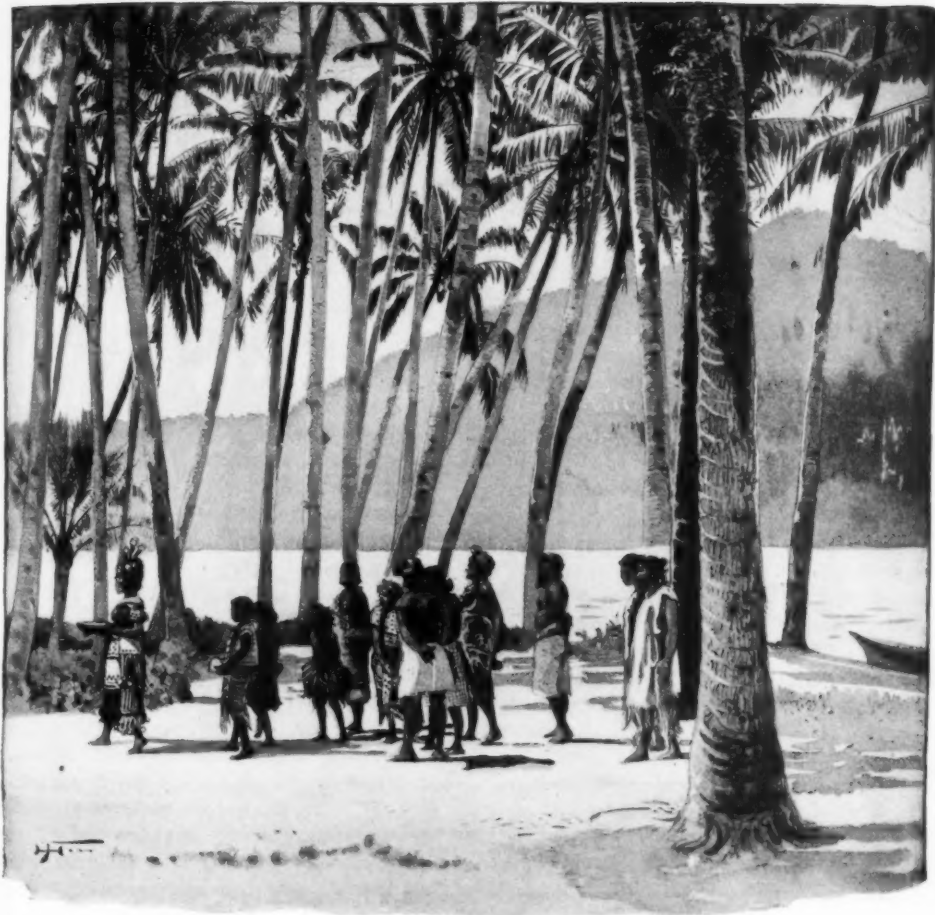


THE PAPASEKA, A SAMOAN PICNIC.*

greatly. We shall always like her better. All the time—I do not know how they managed—your mother found the time to come and write for me; and for three days, as I had my old trouble on, and had to play dumb man, I dictated a novel in the deaf and dumb alphabet. But now we are all recovered, and getting to feel quite fit. A new paddock has been made; the wires come right up to the top of the hill, pass within twenty yards of the big clump of flowers (if you remember that) and

by the end of the pineapple patch. The Tamaitai and your mother and I all sleep in the upper story of the new house; Uncle Lloyd is alone in the workman's cottage; and there is nobody at all at night in the old house, but ants and cats and mosquitos. The whole inside of the new house is varnished. It is a beautiful golden-brown by day, and in lamplight all black, and sparkle. In the corner of the hall the new safe is built in, and looks as if it had millions of pounds in it; but I do not think there is much more than twenty dollars and a spoon or two; so the man that opens it will have a great deal of trouble for nothing. Our great fear is lest we should forget how to open it; but it will look just as well if we can't. Poor Misi Folo—you remember the thin boy, do you not?—had a desperate attack of influenza; and he was in a great taking. You would not like to be very sick in some savage place in the islands, and have only the savages to doctor you? Well, that was just the way he felt. "It is all very well," he thought, "to let these childish white people doctor a sore foot or a toothache, but this is serious—I might die of this! For goodness' sake, let me get away into a draughty native house, where I can lie in cold gravel, eat green bananas, and have a real grown-up, tattooed man to raise spirits and say charms over me." A day or two we kept him quiet, and got him much better. Then he said he *must* go. He had had his back broken in his own island, he said; it had come broken again, and he must go away to a native house, and have it mended. "Confound your back!" said we; "lie down in your bed." At last, one day, his fever was quite gone, and he could give his mind to the broken back entirely. He lay in the hall; I was in the room alone; all morning and noon I heard him roaring like a bull calf, so that the floor shook with it. It was plainly humbug; it had the humbugging sound of a bad child crying; and about two of the afternoon we were worn out, and told him he might go. Off he set. He was in some kind of a white wrapping, with a great white turban on his head, as pale as clay, and walked leaning on a stick. But, oh, he was a glad boy to get away from these foolish, savage, childish white people, and get his broken

* See "Letter-Box."



PROCESSION TO MEET VISITORS. SAMOA.

back put right by somebody with some sense. He nearly died that night, and little wonder! but he has now got better again, and long may it last! All the others were quite good, trusted us wholly, and stayed to be cured where they were. But then he was quite right, if you look at it from his point of view; for, though we may be very clever, we do not

set up to cure broken backs. If a man has his back broken, we white people can do nothing at all but bury him. And was he not wise, since that was his complaint, to go to folks who could do more?

Best love to yourself, and Louie, and Aunt Nellie, and apologies for so dull a letter, from

Your respectful and affectionate

THE END.

UNCLE LOUIS.

IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

By E. W. KEMBLE.



I.

"NOW, TOMMY, I WANT YOU TO DELIVER THIS TO MR. JONES, AND SEE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT."



II.

TOMMY STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY, NOT WISHING TO FRIGHTEN ANY ONE.



III.

BUT THE LITTLE BROWN BOYS ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN A THRILLING BEAR STORY, WHEN—



IV.

—THE BEAR APPEARS!

BETTY LEICESTER'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

III.



HE days flew by until Christmas, and the weather kept clear and bright, without a bit of rain or gloom, which was quite delightful and wonderful in that northern county. The older guests hunted or drove or went walking. There were excursions of every

sort for those who liked them, and sometimes the young people joined in what was going on, and sometimes Betty and Edith and Warford made fine plans of their own. It proved that Edith had spent much time with the family of her uncle, who was an army officer; and at the Western army posts she had learned to ride with her cousins, who were excellent riders and insisted upon her joining them. So Edith could share many pleasures of this sort at Danesly, and she was so pretty and gay that people liked her a good deal; and presently some of the house-party had gone, and some new guests came, and the two girls and Warford were unexpected helpers in their entertainment. Sometimes they dined down-stairs now, when no one was asked from outside; and every day it seemed pleasanter and more homelike to stay at Danesly. There were one or two other great houses in the neighborhood where there were also house-parties in the gay holiday season, and so Betty and Edith saw a great deal of the world in one way and another; and Lady Mary remembered that girls were sometimes lonely, as they grew up, and was very good to them, teaching them, in quiet ways, many a thing belonging to man-

ners and getting on with other people, that they would be glad to know all their life long.

"Don't talk about yourself," she said once, "and you won't half so often think of yourself, and then you are sure to be happy." And again: "My old friend, Mrs. Procter, used to say, '*Never explain*, my dear. People don't care a bit.'"

Warford was more at home in the hunting-field than in the house; but the young people saw much of each other. He took a great deal of trouble, considering his usual fashion, to be nice to the two girls; and so one day, when Betty went to find him, he looked up eagerly to see what she wanted. Warford was busy in the gun-room, with some gun-fittings that he had taken to pieces. There was nobody else there at that moment, and the winter sun was shining in along the floor.

"Warford," Betty began, with an air of great confidence, "what can we do for a bit of fun on Christmas eve?"

Warford looked up at her over his shoulder, a little bewildered. He was just this side of sixteen, like Betty herself; sometimes he seemed manly, and sometimes very boyish, as happened that day. "I'm in for anything you like," he said, after a moment's reflection. "What's on?"

"If we give up dining with the rest, I can think of a great plan," said Betty, shining with enthusiasm. "There's the old gallery, you know. Could n't we have some music there, as they used in old times?"

"My aunt would like it awfully," exclaimed Warford, letting his gun-stock drop with a thump. "I'd rather do anything than sit all through the dinner. Somebody'd be sure to make a row about me, and I should feel like crawling into a burrow. I'll play the fiddle: what did you mean?—singing, or what? If

we left it until late enough, we might have the Christmas waits, you know."

"*Fancy!*" said Betty, in true English fashion; and then they both laughed.

"The waits are pretty silly," said Warford. "They were better than usual last year, though. Mr. Macalister, the schoolmaster, is a good musician, and he trained them well. He plays the flute and the cornet. Why not see what we can do ourselves first, and perhaps let them sing last? They'd be disappointed not to come at midnight under the windows, you know," said Warford, considerably. "We'll go down and ask the schoolmaster after hours, and we'll think what we can do ourselves. One of the grooms has a lovely tenor voice. I heard him singing 'The Bonny Ivy Tree' only yesterday, so he must know more of those other old things that Aunt Mary likes."

"We need n't have much music," said Betty. "The people at dinner will not listen long—they'll want to talk. But if we sing a Christmas song all together, and have the flute and fiddle, you know, Warford, it would be very pretty—like an old-fashioned choir, such as there used to be in Tideshead. We'll sing things that everybody knows, because everybody likes old songs best. I wish Mary Beck was here; but Edith sings—she told me so; and don't you know how we sang some nice things together, the other day upon the moor, when we were coming home from the hermit's cell ruins?"

Warford nodded, and picked up his gun-stock.

"I'm your man," he said, soberly. "Let's dress up whoever sings, with wigs and ruffles and things. And then there are queer trumpets and viols in that collection of musical instruments in the music-room. Some of us can make-believe play them."

"A procession! a procession!" exclaimed Betty. "What do you say to a company with masks to come right into the great hall, and walk round the table three times, singing and playing? Lady Dimdale knows everything about music: I mean to ask her. I'll go and find her now."

"I'll come, too," said Warford, with delightful sympathy. "I saw her a while ago writing in the little book-room off the library."

IV.



It was Christmas eve; and all the three young people had been missing since before luncheon in a most mysterious manner. But Betty Leicester, who came

in late and flushed, managed to sit next her father; and he saw at once, being well acquainted with Betty, that some great affair was going on. She was much excited, and her eyes were very bright, and there was such a great secret that Mr. Leicester could do no less than ask to be let in, and be gaily refused and hushed, lest somebody else should know there was a secret, too. Warford, who appeared a little later, looked preternaturally solemn, and Edith alone behaved as if nothing were going to happen. She was as grown up as possible, and chattered away about the delights of New York with an old London barrister who was Lady Mary's uncle, and Warford's guardian, and chief adviser to the great Danesly estates. Edith was so pretty and talked so brightly that the old gentleman looked as amused and happy as possible.

"He may be thinking that she's coming down to dinner, but he'll look for her in vain," said Betty, who grew gayer herself.

"Not coming to dinner?" asked papa, with surprise; at which Betty gave him so stern a glance that he was more careful to avoid even the appearance of secrets from that time on; and they talked together softly about dear old Tideshead, and Aunt Barbara, and all the household, and wondered if the great Christmas box from London had arrived safely and gone up the river by the packet, just as Betty herself had done six or seven months before. It made her a little homesick, even there in the breakfast-room at Danesly,—even with papa at her side, and Lady Mary smiling back if she looked up,—to think of the dear old house, and of Serena

and Letty, and how they would all be thinking of her at Christmas-time.

The great hall was gay with holly and Christmas greens. It was snowing outside for the first time that year, and the huge fireplace was full of logs blazing and snapping in a splendidly cheerful way. Dinner was to be earlier than usual. A great festivity was going on in the servants' hall; and when Warford went out with Lady Mary to cut the great Christmas pasty and have his health drunk, Betty and Edith went too; and everybody stood up and cheered, and cried, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! and God bless you!" in the most hearty fashion. It seemed as if all the holly in the Danesly woods had been brought in — as if Christmas had never been so warm and friendly and generous in a great house before. Christmas eve had begun, and cast its lovely charm and enchantment over everybody's heart. Old dislikes were forgotten between the guests: at Christmas-time it is easy to say kind words that are hard to say all the rest of the year: at Christmas-time one loves his neighbor and thinks better of him; Christmas love and good-will come and fill the heart whether one beckons them or no. Betty had spent some lonely Christmases in her short life, as all the rest of us have done; and perhaps for this reason the keeping of the great day at Danesly in such happy company, in such splendor and warm-heartedness of the old English fashion, seemed a kind of royal Christmas to her young heart. Everybody was so kind and charming.

Lady Dimdale, who had entered with great enthusiasm into the Christmas plans, caught her after luncheon, and kissed her, and held her hand like an elder sister as they walked away. It would have been very hard to keep things from Lady Mary herself; but that dear lady had many ways to turn her eyes and her thoughts, and so many secret plots of her own to keep in hand at this season, that she did not suspect what was going on in a distant room of the old south wing (where Warford still preserved some of his boyish collections of birds' eggs and other plunder), of which he kept the only key. There was a steep staircase that led down to a door in the courtyard; and by this Mr. Macalister, the schoolmaster, had come and gone, and the

young groom of the tenor voice, and five or six others, men and girls, who could either sing or play. It was the opposite side of the house from Lady Mary's own rooms, and nobody else would think anything strange of such comings and goings. Pagot and some friendly maids helped with the costumes. They had practised their songs twice in the schoolmaster's own house at nightfall, down at the edge of the village by the church; and so everything was ready, with the help of Lady Dimdale and of Mrs. Drum, the housekeeper, who would always do everything that Warford asked her, and be heartily pleased besides.

So Lady Mary did not know what was meant until after her Christmas guests were seated, and the old vicar had said grace, and all the great candelabra were lit, high on the walls between the banners and flags, and among the stag-horns and armor lower down, and there were lights even in the old musicians' gallery, which she could see as she sat with her back to the painted leather screen that hid the fireplace. Suddenly there was a sound of violins and a bass-viol and a flute from the gallery, and a sound of voices singing — the fresh young voices of Warford and Betty and Edith and their helpers, who sang a beautiful old Christmas song so unexpected, so lovely, that the butler stopped half-way from the sideboard with his wine, and the footmen stood listening where they were, with whatever they had in hand. The guests at dinner looked up in delight, and Lady Dimdale nodded across at Mr. Leicester because they both knew it was Betty's plan coming true in this delightful way. And fresh as the voices were, the look of the singers was even better, for you could see from below how all the musicians were in quaint costume. The old schoolmaster stood in the middle as leader, with a splendid powdered wig and gold-laced coat, and all the rest wore coats and gowns of velvet and brocade from the old house's store of treasures. They made a charming picture against the wall with its dark tapestry, and Lady Dimdale felt proud of her own part in the work.

There was a cry of delight from below as the first song ended. Betty in the far corner of the gallery could see Lady Mary looking up so pleased and happy and holding her dear white

hands high as she applauded with the rest. Nobody knew better than Lady Mary that dinners are sometimes dull, and that even a Christmas dinner is none the worse for a little brightening. So Betty had helped her in great as well as in little things, and she blessed the child from her heart. Then the dinner went on, and so did the music; it was a pretty programme, and before anybody had dreamed of being tired of it the sound ceased and the gallery was empty.

After a while, when dessert was soon coming in, and the Christmas pudding with its flaming fire might be expected at any moment, there was a pause and a longer delay than usual in the serving. People were talking busily about the long table, and hardly noticed this until with loud knocking and sound of music, old Bond, the butler, made his appearance, with an assistant on either hand, bearing the plum pudding aloft in solemn majesty, the flames rising merrily from the huge platter. Behind him came a splendid retinue of the musicians, singing and playing; every one carried some picturesque horn or trumpet or stringed instrument from Lady Mary's collection, and those who sang also made believe to play in the interludes. Behind these were all the men in livery, two and two; and so they went round and round the table until at last Warford slipped into his seat, and the pudding was put before him with great state, while the procession waited. The tall shy boy forgot himself and his shyness, and was full of the gaiety of his pleasure. The costumes were all somewhat fine for Christmas choristers, and the young heir wore a magnificent combination of garments that had belonged to noble peers, his ancestors, and was pretty nearly too splendid to be seen without smoked glasses. For the first time in his life he felt a brave happiness in belonging to Danesly, and in the thought that Danesly would really belong to him; he looked down the long room at Lady Mary, and loved her as he never had before, and understood things all in a flash, and made a vow to be a good fellow and to stand by her so that she should never, never feel alone or overburdened again.

Betty and Edith and the good schoolmaster (who was splendid in his white wig, and a great

addition to the already brilliant company) took their own places, which were quickly found, and dessert went on; the rest of the musicians had been summoned away by Mrs. Drum, the housekeeper, all these things having been planned beforehand. And then it was soon time for the ladies to go to the drawing-room, and Betty, feeling a little tired and out of breath with so much excitement, slipped away by herself and to her own thoughts: of Lady Mary, who would be busy with her guests, but still more of papa, who must be waited for until he came to join the ladies, when she could have a talk with him before they said good-night. It was perfectly delightful that everything had gone off so well. Lady Dimdale had known just what to do about everything, and Edith, who had grown nicer every day, had sung as well as Mary Beck (she had Becky's voice as well as her looks), and had told Betty it was the best time she ever had in her life; and Warford had been so nice and had looked so handsome, and Lady Mary was so pleased because he was not shy and had not tried to hide or be grumpy, as he usually did. Betty liked Warford better than any boy she had ever seen except Harry Foster in Tideshead. They would be sure to like each other, and perhaps they might meet some day. Harry's life of care and difficulty made him seem older than Warford, upon whom everybody had always showered all the good things he could be persuaded to take.

Betty was all by herself, walking up and down in the long picture-gallery. There were lights here and there in the huge, shadowy room, but the snow had ceased falling out of doors, and the moon was out and shone brightly in at the big windows with their leaded panes. She felt very happy. It was so pleasant to see how everybody cared about papa, and thought him so delightful. She had never seen him in his place with such a company of people, or known so many of his friends together before. It was so good of Lady Mary to have let her come with papa. They would have so many things to talk over together when they got back to town.

The old portraits on the wall were watching Miss Betty Leicester of Tideshead as she

walked past them through the squares of moonlight, and into the dim candle-light and out to the moonlight again. It was cooler in the gallery than in the great hall, but not too cold, and it was quiet and still. She was dressed in a queer old pink brocade, with its old lace, that had come out of a camphor-wood chest in one

twinkling lights of a large town. Lady Mary did not say anything more, but her arm was round Betty still, and presently Betty's head, with the mass of powdered hair, found its way to Lady Mary's shoulder as if it belonged there. The top of her young head was warm under Lady Mary's cheek.



"OLD BOND, THE BUTLER, BEARING THE PLUM-PUDDING ALOFT IN SOLEMN MAJESTY."

of the storerooms, and she still held a little old-fashioned lute carefully under her arm. Suddenly one of the doors opened, and Lady Mary came in and crossed the moonlight square toward her.

"So here you are, darling," said she. "I missed you, and all the ladies are wondering where you are. I asked Lady Dimdale, and she remembered that she saw you come this way."

Lady Mary was holding Betty, lace and lute and all, in her arms, and then she kissed her in a way that meant a great deal. "Let us come over here and look out at the snow," she said at last, and they stood together in the deep window recess and looked out. The new snow was sparkling under the moon: the park stretched away, dark woodland and open country, as far as one could see; off on the horizon were the

"Everybody is lonely sometimes, darling," said Lady Mary at last; "and as for me, I am very lonely indeed, even with all my friends, and all my cares and pleasures. The only thing that really helps any of us is being loved, and doing things for love's sake; it is n't the things themselves, but the love that is in them. That's what makes Christmas so much to all the world, dear child. But everybody misses somebody at Christmas time; and there's nothing like finding a gift of new love and unlooked-for pleasure."

"Lady Dimdale helped us splendidly. It would n't have been half so nice if it had n't been for her," said Betty, softly; for her Christmas project had come to so much more than she had dreamed at first.

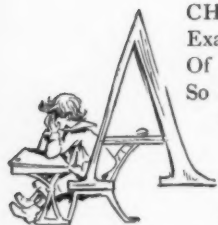
There was a stir in the drawing-room, and a louder sound of voices. The gentlemen were coming in. Lady Mary must go back; but when she kissed Betty again, there was a tear

on her cheek, and so they stood waiting a minute longer, and loving to be together, and suddenly the sweet old bells in Danesly church, down the hill, rang out the Christmas chimes.

THE END.



BY OLIVER HERFORD.



CHILD at school who fails to pass Examination in his class Of Natural History will be So shaky in Zoölogy,

That, should he ever chance to go

To foreign parts, he scarce will know

The common *Mus Ridiculus*

From *Felis* or *Caniculus*.

And what of boys and girls is true Applies to other creatures, too, As you will cheerfully admit When once I've illustrated it.

Once on a time a young Giraffe (Who when at school devoured the chaff, And trampled underneath his feet The golden grains of Learning's wheat) Upon his travels chanced to see A Python hanging from a tree, A thing he'd never met before. All neck it seemed and nothing more; And, stranger still, it was bestrown With pretty spots much like his own. "Well, well! I've often heard," he said, "Of foolish folk who lose their head; But really it's a funnier joke To meet a head that's lost its folk.

Dear me! Ha! ha! it makes me laugh.
Where *has* he left his other half?
If he could find it he would be
A really fine Giraffe, like me."

The Python, waking with a hiss,
Exclaimed, "What kind of snake is this?
Your spots are really very fine,
Almost as good, in fact, as mine,



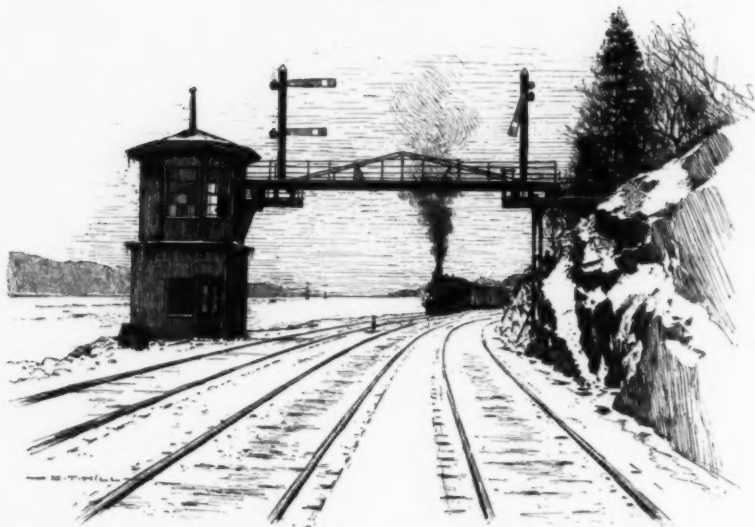
But with those legs I fail to see
How you can coil about a tree.
Take away half, and you would make
A very decent sort of snake—
Almost as fine a snake as I;
Indeed, it's not too late to try."

A something in the Python's eye
Told the Giraffe 't was best to fly,
Omitting all formality.
And afterward, when safe at home,
He wrote a very learned tome,
Called, "What I Saw beyond the Foam."
Said he, "The strangest thing one sees
Is a Giraffe who hangs from trees,
And has — (right here the author begs
To state a *fact*) and has *no legs*!"

The book made a tremendous hit.
The public all devoured it,
Save one, who, minding how he missed
Devouring the author — *hissed*.

HOLLY AND THE RAILROAD SIGNALS.

BY ARTHUR HALE.



SIGNAL TOWER AND SEMAPHORES. SHOWING DOWN-TRACK (MIDDLE ONE) BLOCKED; UP-TRACK (RIGHT HAND ONE) CLEAR. FREIGHT TRAIN ON SIDING WAITING TO PASS OVER TO THE MAIN OR MIDDLE TRACK. UPPER SEMAPHORE CONTROLS MAIN LINE—LOWER ONE THE SIDING.

"I wish the train would start," said Holly.

The train had been standing still for about half an hour, and Holly was tired of looking out of the windows, for there was nothing to see except the smooth green sod on the sides of the railroad cut in which they had stopped. Holly and his brother Jack were going out of town to take a ride, and it certainly was aggravating to know that the horses were standing all ready at the station a few miles ahead, while the riders were stopped in this uncalled-for way.

Jack had been reading the newspaper with a good deal more attention than Holly liked, for he had learned by experience that it was not a good plan to interrupt his elder brother's reading; but when Jack had finished Holly started in with his wish that the train would start.

"Now, do you know," said Jack, tapping the

seat in front of him with the handle of his crop, "although I should be very glad to get to Beverly and to start on our ride, yet I do not wish the train to start just yet, and if you will come out with me I can show you why."

So they walked out of the car and jumped from the platform into the dry ditch. A number of men were standing there already.

The train had stopped just before it reached a little house, two stories high, which Jack called a "tower."

"There," said Jack, "we have a red block, you see; and if the train were to start now, probably it would run into something, and we might never get to Beverly at all."

"I do not understand what you mean by a red block," said Holly. "Has it anything to do with that post over there?"

"Yes," said Jack; "the arm that you see on

the top is a semaphore signal. It warns the engineer that there is something on the track ahead of him. He is not allowed to go ahead until the arm drops. The man up in the tower can raise and lower the arm."

"But how can he tell there is something on the track?"

"When we say there is something on the track, we do not always mean that some one has put something there, or is trying to wreck our train. Possibly there is on the track a train or car that has not reached the next station."

"Oh!" said Holly.

"Then does the man at the next station telegraph back to this man in the tower?"

"Precisely; and the operator here won't signal to go ahead until the operator at the next tower has reported the track all clear."

"What was it you called the signal, Jack?" Holly asked, after a moment. "It was a queer sort of a name?"

"I called it a 'semaphore signal.' It is a word borrowed from the French, and is made up, I believe, from the Greek words for 'sign' and 'bearer.'"

Just then there was quite a little clatter on the top of the post they were looking at, and one of the arms dropped from its horizontal position until it hung almost vertical.

"There 's the white block," said Jack. "Jump in quick!"

The engine whistled four times; there was a great scurrying of the men to get on the train; and in the rear of the train Holly could see a



LAMP-BOY LIGHTING THE SEMAPHORE FOR THE NIGHT. 4:30 P.M.

man in uniform, and carrying a red flag, running toward the last car. Then the engine whistled twice, and the train started.

When they were well seated, Holly watched

to see if his brother would take up his newspaper again; but as Jack seemed in a communicative mood, Holly went on with his questions.

"Just what did you mean by a *white* block and a *red* block?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied Jack, "I called the signals white and red because the semaphore is arranged at night to show a white light for safety, and a red light for danger. There is at night a lamp at the top of the post; and when the arm is raised as if to bar the passage of the train,—that is, when there is something ahead,—a red glass is brought in front of the lamp, so that it shows a red light. When the arm falls again, the red glass moves away from the front of the lamp, and it shows a white light."

"But how about the block?"

"As to that, 'block' is a word we have recently borrowed from England. In this signal system they speak of the railroad as being divided into blocks; indeed the whole system is called the 'block system.' A block extends from one signal to the next; and our railroad men, when they come to a danger-signal, speak of 'getting a red block,' and when they come to a safety-signal, of 'getting a white block.' I don't know whether they use this slang in England or not."

Holly thought for quite a little while before he spoke again. Then he said:

"I see now. Although our train cannot start until the other train has left the station ahead, there is no danger of any other train running into us, because the signalman behind us keeps that train standing till we have passed the next station."

"I think you have the idea about right, Holly."

"What was all the whistling about when the signals changed to safety, as you say?" Holly asked.

But just at that moment the brakeman put his head into the car, and shouted "Beverly! Beverly!" and when Holly could see Dennis with the horses, he forgot all about the railroad and the signals, while he and Jack galloped up the bridge-path so fast that Dennis could hardly keep up with them.

Having arrived so late, they came back to Beverly station only just in time to catch the

return train. A trainman was standing on the rear platform, and as they stepped aboard Holly noticed that the man pulled the bell-cord once.

Just as the train was starting, however, two young girls ran out of the station, and the trainman hurriedly pulled the cord twice.

The train slowed up, and as the girls came into the car, the man started the train again with a single pull.

In the city horse-cars Holly had noticed that the conductor pulled the bell twice to start the car and once to stop it, and he was surprised to find the code of signals reversed on the steam railroad. He turned to ask Jack about it, but Jack was again hidden behind a newspaper.

They were, however, sitting in the rear seat of the car, and the trainman was standing near them, looking back out of the rear door; and Holly, after some hesitation, went up beside him and spoke to him.

"Excuse me," said he, "but how is it that you rang once to start the train and twice to stop it?"

The trainman looked somewhat surprised, but said simply, "Because it's the rule."

"But why is it the rule?" said Holly. "It is just the other way on the horse-cars."

The man stared at Holly for quite a little while, as if in doubt whether to say something cross; but his consideration of the case seemed to result in Holly's favor, and he said:

"Well, now, young man, I don't know that I can tell you why it is the rule. The rule is the rule, and we are not supposed to ask why; but I suspect it's this way: that was n't a bell-rope that I pulled; we used to have a bell, but now we have a little whistle. Perhaps you have heard it on the engines. Anyway, as I said, we used to have a bell; and when the train broke in two, of course the bell would ring once. Now, if one ring of the bell meant to stop, the engineer might stop when the train broke in two, and the rear section might run into him and make bad work. I suppose that's the reason they had two rings to stop and one to start. Of course nobody would ring one bell when the train was going fast, and that's the only time the train would be likely to break in two."

"Do trains ever break in two?" said Holly.

"Yes, they do sometimes—that is, the cars get uncoupled; and then, of course, the bell-cord used to break, and, as I said, the bell rang once on the engine. Now that we have got the whistle, it blows for three or four minutes when the train breaks in two, but they have kept the same rules. There is another thing about it. Suppose some fellow, who has no business to do it, wants to stop the train; like as not he will ring just once to stop it, and the engineer won't pay any attention to him."

Holly had been looking at the man with some interest as he talked, thinking that he had seen him before, and presently he said:

"Were n't you the brakeman who ran back with the red flag when the train was stopped about here going the other way this afternoon?"

"I am not a brakeman; I am a flagman," was the reply; "but I guess I 'm the man you mean. It was about here we got a red block, and I went back."

"Yes, that was what Jack said," said Holly—"that we had a red block; but why did you go back?"

"I suppose if I should say 'because it 's the rule,' that would n't satisfy you," said the flagman, laughing. "The rule is that you have got to go back to protect the end of your train, so that if another train comes along it won't run into yours."

"But I thought," said Holly, who was not averse to displaying his knowledge—"I thought there was a signal at the end of the block that would stop trains."

"Yes," said the flagman, "that 's true; and really there is not much reason for a fellow's going back now, and I understand they say we do it 'only as an extra precaution.' You see, the operator in the tower might be taken sick or something, and then the man with the flag would be of some use. The way it is now, two fellows must fail in their duty before any harm can come to you passengers."

"Just now," said Holly, who found his new friend was getting quite confidential, "you told me you were not a brakeman, but a flagman."

"Yes," said the flagman; "when the train stops I have to go back with the flag. I sup-

pose I am really a brakeman,—I might be called the rear brakeman,—but they call us flagmen and pay us a little more, and so we don't quite like to be called plain brakemen. It 's something like getting promoted from 'freight' to 'passenger,' you know."

Holly did not know, but he thought he could imagine, and he was quite disappointed when, without a word, the flagman hurried forward as they neared the next station.

The next morning it happened that Holly and his father were the only people early to breakfast. Holly had to go to school, and his father had to go to his office, while the rest of the household, on that day at least, did not have to go anywhere. So they two had the table between them.

"Papa," said Holly, "are n't you something on a railroad?"

"Why," replied Mr. Holworthy, smiling at the form of the question, "I am a director on one or two small railroads in the West; but I really don't know whether you call that being something or nothing."

"The reason why I ask is because yesterday I found out some things about railroads that I did not know before. Of course that is not very strange," he went on quickly, as he noticed that his father was looking at him quizzically; "but they really interested me quite a good deal."

"I am glad to hear that, Holly; for there really are a great many things to interest one about a railroad, and it may be of benefit to you to find out some of them. What were the particular things you found out, and from whom did you learn them?"

"Well," said Holly, "Jack told me some, and the flagman of our train told me others"; then, as his father seemed interested, he went on:

"Of course it was n't much, but it was about keeping trains from running into each other, and about signals for starting and stopping."

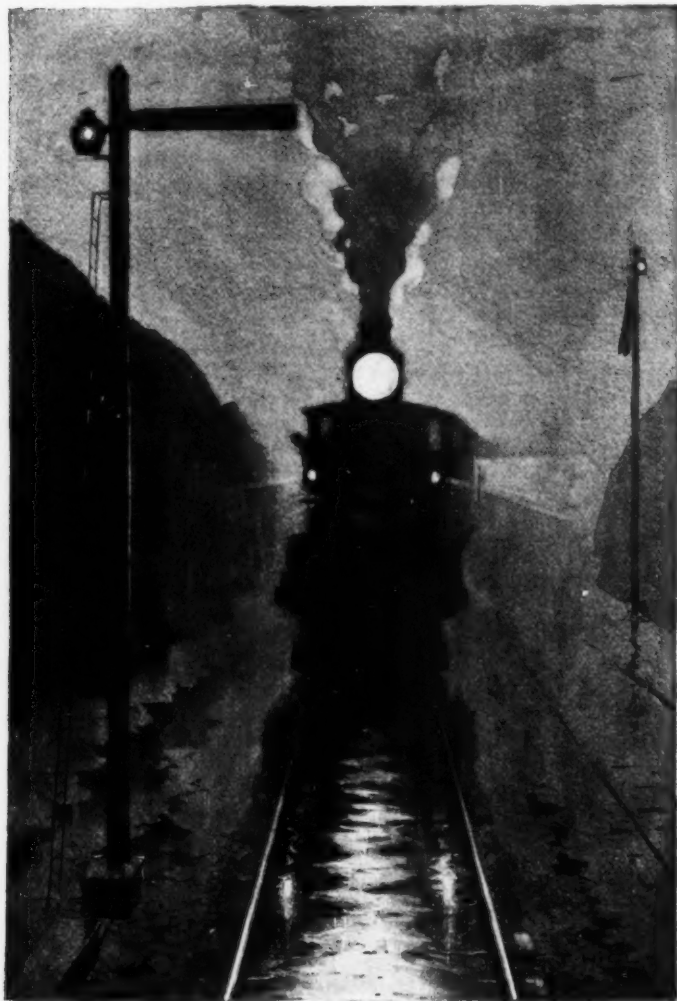
"Was that when you went out to Beverly yesterday afternoon? Then I suppose they told you about the block system?"

"Yes, that was it; and about how the men

in the towers telegraph to each other when trains pass them."

"Did they tell you about the other signals?" said Mr. Holworthy—"about the flags on the trains, and the 'markers,' and so on?"

with you on the way to the office,—I think you will have time before school,—and I can show you what I mean, and perhaps some other points may come up. Will you have time for that, do you think?"



THE RED BLOCK—DANGER SIGNAL.

"Why, no," said Holly; "I think we might have got to that, but the flagman had to go away, and Jack was reading the newspaper."

"Well," said Mr. Holworthy, looking at his watch, "I can stop in at the railroad station

should run by a tower, and then the operator should telegraph back that the train had passed?"

"No," said Holly, who was a little overwhelmed by these details. "No; they did not

Holly glanced at the clock. "Oh, yes," said he; "it is n't much out of the way. It's ever so good of you to take so much interest in it."

"Well," said his father, "I don't know much about railroads, but the little I have picked up is at your service. Come along!"

As they walked down the avenue, Mr. Holworthy, who had been silent for a while, began to talk about the railroads again.

"Did either Jack or your friend the flagman speak of a train breaking in two?"

"Yes, I think so," said Holly. "Oh, I remember now—it was when we were talking about the signal to start a train; the flagman said that when a train broke in two the bell would ring once."

"Did it ever occur to you what might happen if a train should break in two without the engineer's knowing it—of course that could happen only with a freight-train—and he

speak of that, and I am afraid I do not quite understand."

"Then we will try again," said Mr. Holworthy. "You were just saying that with the block system, when a train passed a signal-station, the operator there kept the danger-signal up until the operator ahead told him that that train had passed."

"Yes," said Holly; "that 's right."

"Because," said his father, "if he allowed a second train to go forward it might run into the first train."

"Yes," said Holly.

"Now," said his father, "supposing only part of the first train went by, and the operator telegraphed back that it had passed; then if a second train went ahead, it might run into the cars of the first train that had been left behind."

"Oh, yes," said Holly; "that might be so if the train was broken in two, as you say."

"Then," said Mr. Holworthy, "to make things quite safe, the operator in the tower ought to know, without uncertainty, whether the whole train has passed, or only part of it."

"Yes," said Holly; "but I do not see very well how he can know, for some trains have more cars than others."

"How would it do if the last car on each train were marked so that the operator could readily see whether the whole train had passed or not?" said his father.

"I should think that would work first-rate," said Holly, with more zeal than grammar.

"Well, suppose you wanted to mark the last car in the train, how would you set about it?"

"I suppose you might have a board marked 'last car,'" said Holly; "but that would be rather clumsy, and then you would need it on both sides of the car, because the operator might be on either side of the track."

"How would that do at night?"

"I do not think it would do at all," said Holly. "They would need something different at night—some sort of a lamp, I suppose."

"You are right about the lamp, but you are not right about the board. They have a flag instead,—or, rather, two flags. Here we are at the station, and I think I can show them to you."

As they walked through the lobby to the

train-shed, they saw in front of them a long line of cars, with an engine beyond, apparently just ready to start.

"I cannot see any flag," said Holly, in a disappointed tone.

"Perhaps that 's because this last car is n't going," said his father.

As he spoke a trainman in uniform passed them, carrying quite a bundle of things—several lanterns, and also, to Holly's great joy, several flags. He went by a number of the cars in the train, and then jumped on the platform of one, set down the lamps, and taking two green flags, he unrolled them and set them up in sockets at each side of the roof, over the platform at the end of the car.

"There!" said Holly. "That must be the last car going. But what are the other flag and all the lanterns for?"

"The red flag and the red lantern are for him to protect his train with, I suppose," said Holly's father, "in case it has to stop."

"Oh, yes," said Holly; "I remember now that when our train stopped on the way to Beverly, my friend the flagman, as you call him, did take the red flag and run back quite a distance—almost out of sight; but there are three lanterns, two green and one red."

"Yes; the green lanterns are to replace the green flags when it is dark."

They were standing on one side of the platform, and the people were hurrying by them and climbing into the cars.

"The train is very full," said Holly. "I am glad we are not going, for we might not get a seat."

Just then a man with "Conductor" on his cap walked by the train, and spoke a few words to the flagman. At once the latter took down the flags, went into the car and gathered up all the lanterns, and then started back to the next car.

"Why, what 's that for?" said Holly. "Are n't they going to have the flags up when they are running?"

"Come back with me," said his father, "and we shall see." So they walked along on the station platform as the flagman walked back through the car, and when they reached the end of the next car they saw him putting up

the flags there, just as they had been put on the car ahead.

"Oh," said Holly, "they are going to take another car because they have such a crowd."

But his father, after looking at his watch and saying he had just enough time to keep an appointment, hurried away, and then Holly found that he too would have to hurry to "keep his appointment" at school.

Holly was so much interested in the signals that, I am sorry to say, he compared notes on the subject with Stoughton Second, who had the desk in front of him in school. It was easier for Holly to give his views to Stoughton Second than for Stoughton Second to return them, as the latter could not very well reply without attracting attention. He managed — and this also I regret — to pass back a little slip of paper to Holly under the desk, saying that

place there, they had, of course, to give all their wits to the game.

When school was over, however, they walked home together, and their talk turned on the railroad flags.

First Holly told about the flags on the rear of the train, and then Stoughton Second — who, by the way, was known out of school as Matthew or Mat — told about the flags on the engine.

"I don't know that I understand it exactly," said he; "but my brother said they had green flags, almost like your rear-car flags, only that they were on the front of the engine. What he said was that when a train was run in sections all the sections except the last had flags on the engine."

"I think I know what running in sections means," said Holly. "You know, on a timetable they give the time of a train at each station, and when there are so many people for a train that one engine cannot haul the cars, they make up another train and run it just behind the first, keeping as near schedule time as they can; but they do not call it another train — they call it a section of the first train."

"It's different from marking the last car," said Matthew; "they seem to mark all the sections except the last."

"I do not quite understand why they want to do it," said Holly; "perhaps, though, it helps the operators in the tower to know that the other sections are really the same train. But there is Jack; we can ask him."

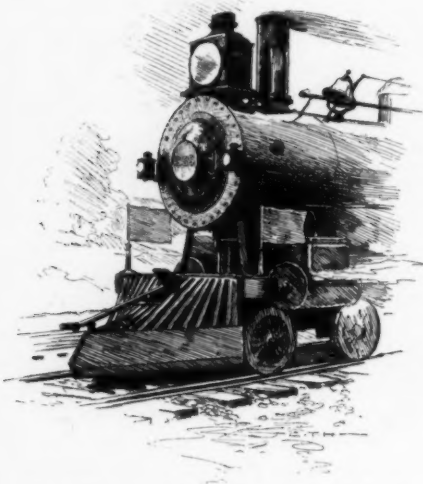
Sure enough, on the opposite side of the street was Jack, just strolling home to lunch. The boys ran across, and each took a place at one side of him.

"Jack," said Holly, "Mat has been telling me about running trains in sections, and putting flags on the front of the engine, and we want to know why they do it."

"Well," said Jack, "it's a pretty long story, and I don't know that I can explain the whole of it myself; but I believe it is more for the information of the freight-trains than anything else."

"But what do the freight-trains care for the passenger-trains?" said Holly.

"They care a great deal," said Jack; "and



FRONT OF ENGINE. FLAGS AND LAMPS IN POSITION.

his brother — that is, Stoughton First, who was in the first class at school — had told him something about flags, but that these flags were on the engine, and not on the rear car.

There was not time at recess to talk about even so important a matter, because they played foot-ball, and as both Holly and Stoughton Second were practising for the second eleven of the school, and were pretty sure of getting a



END OF LAST CAR. FLAGS AND LAMPS IN POSITION.

that is one of the things people who ride on the railroad think very little about. Freight-trains, as you know, generally run on the same tracks as the passenger-trains, but they do not run so

fast, and to avoid a collision they have to keep out of the way of the passenger-trains. So there is a rule that whenever a passenger-train is due the freight-train must pull out on a siding, and stay there until the passenger-train has passed."

"But what's that got to do with the sections?" said Stoughton Second.


"I guess," said Holly, "it's something like the last-car business. If the freight-train has to stay on the siding till the passenger-train passes, and if the passenger-train has more than one section, the men on the freight-train need something to tell how many sections there are."

"That's it," said Jack. "The men on the freight-train have to stay on the siding till the section that has not got the flag on has passed. I believe, too, that on some roads the first section of a train whistles three times to show that there is another section following. But what makes you boys so interested in rail-roading all of a sudden?" he continued, as they came up to the house. "Are you going to be railroaders?"


"Why not?" asked Holly.

A MATHEMATICAL MAIDEN.

BY MAY HARDING ROGERS.


MATHEMATIC maiden mine,
Say you'll be my Valentine!
We'll go to sea in a snug little bark
That will ride the waves like Noah's .

We'll visit the  and the  too;

And then the place where the first  grew.



We'll go to the "zone" of the "variable" breeze,

And  for fish in the summer seas.

All over the  we together will roam,
And wherever you like we will make our home.

Your fingers fair no work shall stain,
For servants three we'll take in our train.

Two little handmaids shall go along—

"Polly  Hedron" and "Polly  Gon";

While "Theo Rem" our cook shall be,

And make our π by the "rule of three."

If my "hypothesis" is correct,
My heart and hand you will not reject;
And the happiest man in the world will be
Yours ever and only

"Q. E. D."

TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

By JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLOT.

SHORTLY after the boys arrived at City Hall Park, and before the business of the day had fairly begun, Teenie Massey approached to inquire if they had lately heard anything regarding Skip.

"Have n't seen nor heard of him," Carrots replied. "What makes you ask?"

"Nothin', only I heard he was tearin' 'round dreadful yesterday, tellin' what he was goin' to do to you fellers."

"I guess he 'll keep under cover for a while," Carrots replied confidently; and Teenie said, as he shook his head warningly:

"Now don't be too sure of that, old man. I guess you want to keep your eyes open all the time, an' if you get to thinkin' he can't do any harm, you 'll find him jumpin' right down on you some day."

"I 'll risk all the harm he can do," Carrots replied with a laugh. "He 's too much 'fraid the police will 'rest him for stealin', to come 'round where we are."

"Well, I happen to know, from what Reddy Jackson said, that he has n't given up hopes of drivin' you off yet."

Carrots did not think this warning worthy his attention; but yet he repeated the same to Teddy when he found an opportunity.

"I reckon Teenie 's not far wrong," Master Thurston said, greatly to the surprise of his partner. "It did n't stand to reason that we was goin' to scare Skip so quick, an' I think he 'll make one more try to git rid of us."

"I don't see what he can do," Carrots said musingly; and Teddy chimed in:

"Neither do I, an' that 's just why we 're bound to be pretty careful. You see, if we could know what he was up to, it would be different."

There was no further opportunity to discuss the matter, owing to the sudden demand for the bootblack's services, and by noon both the partners had almost forgotten the warning given by Teenie.

This day's business brought them more money than the previous one, but not so much as on the occasion when Skip last made his threats.

On counting up the cash immediately after their return home, it showed an addition of a dollar and seventy-one cents to the fund, and when this had been ascertained, Carrots found time to inquire as to the condition of their invalid friend.

"I 'm feelin' first-class," Ikey said, "'an reckon my leg 'll be all right to-morrow. Say, who do you s'pose has been sneakin' 'round here to-day?"

"It can't be Skip Jellison?" Carrots replied quickly.

"That 's jest who it was, an' Reddy Jackson come with him. Course they did n't know I was in here, an' I lay low and I heard every word they said."

"What did they talk 'bout?"

"You see I was thinkin' how nice it felt to be out er pain, when there was a rattlin' among the boxes, as if somebody was a-walkin' on 'em. First, I thought one of the men from the store had come out, an' I kept mighty quiet. Then two fellows begun to talk, an' I knew who it was the minute they spoke; so I listened. Reddy he said to Skip, 'Here 's where them fellows live.' Skip he 'lowed he could n't see any place, an' Reddy said he knowed it was, 'cause he followed you home last night. Then he fig-

ured out that you slept in one of the boxes, an' that satisfied Skip."

"Did they hunt to see if they could find where we stopped?"

"No; I reckon they did n't dare, for fear somebody 'd catch 'em. They was settin' up there on the fence, an' if one of the clerks had showed his nose they could have jumped over on the other side mighty quick. I tell you them fellows are up to some mischief."

"What do you mean?" Teddy asked quickly.

"I heard Skip say he was goin' to burn you out, an' Reddy asked if he counted on doin' it to-night. He 'lowed he would n't, 'cause he 'd got to go over to Jersey City; but he 's bound to, the very first evenin' he can get away without anybody's knowin' what he 's up to. He says he could put a lot of papers an' shavin's in these boxes, an' you 'd be scorched some before you got out."

Carrots was on the point of laughing at this revelation of Skip's plot, much as if he questioned the latter's courage to do such a thing, when he observed Teddy, who was silent and looking very grave.

"Why, you don't b'lieve they 'd dare to burn us out?" he asked in surprise.

"I ain't so sure 'bout that. Skip Jellison 's a fellow that dares to do 'most anything, if he thinks he can get through with it an' not be caught. It would be a mighty serious scrape for us if the boxes should get on fire while we were here. If any one saw us comin' out they 'd say sure we did it. You might talk till you were blue in the face, if they knew that we had had candles here, an' not make 'em think we did n't do the mischief."

"By jiminy! you 're right!" Carrots exclaimed, as he began to realize what their position would be under such circumstances. "Don't you think we 'd better tell the folks in the store what Skip 's countin' on doin'?"

"That would n't do any good. He 'd swear it was n't so, an' all we 'd make out of it would be our havin' to leave."

"It seems as if that was what we 'd got to do anyhow, if he 's goin' to set this place on fire."

"Of course."

Carrots was surprised that his partner should agree with him so readily, and asked:

"Do you really think we ought ter go away from here?"

"That 's jest the size of it. 'Cordin' to my way of figurin', we 're apt to get ourselves into a fuss by stayin'; an' although it 'll be hard work to find as snug a place, I reckon it 's safer to go."

Carrots was instantly plunged into the lowest depths of sorrow.

Never before had the packing-case home seemed so beautiful as now, when it appeared necessary to leave it.

"I 'd like to see somebody thrash that Skip! He 's hardly fit to live!"

"The best way 's to let him alone. He 'll bring himself up with a short turn before long," Teddy replied confidently, and then relapsed into thoughtful silence.

"Well, when are we goin' to move?" Carrots asked, after a pause, during which he gazed intently at the flame of the candle, trying very hard to see there the picture of the establishment which he fondly hoped would soon belong to the thriving young firm of Thurston & Williams.

"We 'd better look 'round the first thing to-morrow. I began to think Skip was up to somethin', 'cause we did n't see him. If he had n't had an idea in his head 'bout how to serve us out, he 'd been up 'round City Hall to-day."

Then it was Carrots's turn to remain silent, and not a word was spoken until Ikey timidly ventured to ask if they had decided not to eat supper on this night.

This caused them to remember that they were hungry; but neither felt disposed to linger long over the meal, and at an unusually early hour the candle was put out as the inmates of the box laid themselves down to rest for what all three believed would be the last time in that locality.

It was Teddy who awakened the others next morning, and as Carrots opened his eyes he exclaimed petulantly:

"What 's the use of turnin' a feller out now? The sun ain't up yet."

"But it will be pretty soon, an' we 've got a good deal on hand to-day," Teddy replied. "Ikey must go with us, for he might n't get a

chance to get away in the day-time, an' it won't do to stay here another night."

It was a sad-visaged party that filed out of the narrow passage leading to the street, in the growing light of the early dawn, and made its way, without special aim or purpose, toward the customary place of business.

It was decided Ikey should be left upon one of the settees in the park, while the others went on a tour of investigation for the purpose of finding new lodgings, and then the party separated with the understanding that they would meet an hour later to partake of breakfast.

Carrots was the first to keep this appointment, and he looked exceedingly low-spirited when he seated himself by the side of the invalid, who had not yet sufficiently recovered to be able to take very much exercise in the way of walking.

"Find anything?" Ikey asked.

"Not a thing! I reckon it 'll be many a long day before we 'll get another place sich as we had down there"; and then Master Carrots indulged once more in harsh words against his enemies.

His tirade was interrupted by the arrival of Teddy, who looked as joyous as his partner looked despondent, causing the latter to say in a querulous tone:

"It does n't seem as if you cared very much 'bout what them fellows are makin' us do!"

"Well, I reckon you 're right, Carrots. P'rhaps it 's the best thing ever happened, that we had to clear out this mornin'."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you s'pose I 've found?"

"Do you mean a place to sleep?"

"Yes."

"Ain't been buyin' the Astor House, or any-thing like that?"

"Comes pretty nigh it, Carrots. I 've found a stand!"

"I can find dozens of 'em; but that 's all the good it 'll do."

"But I mean one we can buy."

"Yes, when we 've got the money," Carrots replied impatiently. "Where we goin' to stay till we earn as much as we 'll need?"

"I can make a trade for this one, with what

we 've got, by 'greein' to come up with fifty cents every day."

"What!" and Carrots sprang to his feet, his face expressive of mingled joy and astonishment. "Do you mean to say you know of a fellow that 'll trust us for the money?"

"That 's jest it!"

"Let 's get right to him before he has time to back out! A fellow what can make sich a chump of himself as that might get sneaked off to the 'sylum before we 'd have time to finish up the trade."

"There 's no need of hurryin' so awful fast, 'cause this bargain 'll wait for us an hour anyhow. In the first place, old man, p'rhaps it ain't what you 're countin' on. It 's a good stand enough, an' seems to me is in a pretty fair neighborhood; but the fellow what it b'longs to could n't make a go out er it, so had to give it up to the man who owns the buildin'."

"Where is it?"

"On Mulberry street, jest off er Grand. You see, some fellow built it against the corner store, an' 'greed to pay a dollar a week for the trouble of havin' it there. He could n't raise the rent, an' after he 'd stayed three months, the shop-keeper took it. Now, I happened to see the place, an' went in an' talked with the man. He said it cost twenty dollars, an' he 'd sell it for ten if we 'd 'gree to pay a dollar every week for rent, an' fifty cents a day on what we owe him."

"How much you got to put down cash?"

Carrots asked, his face clouded somewhat as he learned that the establishment was not as desirable as he had hoped their future place of residence would be.

"All we can raise."

"What 'll that 'mount to?"

"Pretty nigh five dollars; but one of those dollars goes for rent, you know."

"Is it big enough to sleep in?"

"Yes; we three could get under the counter without much trouble, an' there 's a stove b'longs to it, that goes in with the trade."

"But if we open up there won't be anything to sell."

"I 've 'lowed that we 'll keep back 'bout a dollar to buy papers with, an' then if both of us work mighty hard, it won't be more 'n three or four days before we can have a pretty good

lot of stuff. You 'll keep right on shinin', an' I 'll do my level best with papers, while Ikey 'tends to the stand till he gets well. 'Cordin' to my way of thinkin', we can build up a good trade there if we hustle; an' that 's what we 've got to do wherever we go. Now, what do you say to it?"

"Let 's go an' see the place," Carrots said, after a moment's pause, and Ikey slid down from the settee, as if to intimate that he intended to accompany the party.

Teddy started off at once, for it was his belief there should be no time lost, in case they concluded to make the trade, because of the fact that the hour for regular business was close at hand.

On arriving at the stand Carrots's first impression was very favorable toward the purchase.

It was painted green, not as bright as if the color had just been laid on, but sufficiently so to satisfy him regarding the supposed "luck," and quite as roomy inside as Teddy had stated.

The only apparent drawback was regarding the business location, for it was a short distance off the regular line of travel, and this fact Master Carrots noted at once.

"That 's so," Teddy replied, when the objections were stated; "and I thought about all that while I was comin' down to tell you. It seems to me as if we might get up a good trade 'round among these stores, by 'greein' to bring the papers just as soon as they was out, an' with three of us to pitch in, we could live right up to all our promises. As I said before, we 've got to work a good deal harder than we 've been doin'."

"It does n't seem to me as if we could do that. I 've been humpin' myself the best I knew how the last two days."

"That 's so, Carrots: but you could run 'round a little more, I reckon, if by doin' it we was to own a stand right away."

"Oh, I 'm willin' to go in, an' you shall be the boss."

"Then we 'll buy it," Teddy said decidedly. "I 've got to rush down after the money."

"Did you leave it under the boxes?"

"Yes, I did n't want to lug it 'round all day."

"But I thought we 'd 'greed not to go back."

"I 'lowed to go down the first thing after we knocked off. It 's all safe enough, anyhow. You stay here till I get back."

Teddy was off like a flash, and impatient though Carrots was to have the business arrangements completed, his partner returned before he thought there had been sufficient time for Teddy to make the journey.

The preliminaries were quickly arranged, once they were ready to pay over the money, and, leaving Ikey in charge of the empty stand, the proud proprietors went hurriedly down town, Teddy saying, as he parted with the clerk:

"I 'll come back soon 's I can, with the mornin' papers, and we 'll open right up."

"I 'll get things fixed before then, if I can borrow a broom, 'cause the inside of the place must be cleaned up," the new clerk replied, thus showing that he was attentive to the interests of his employers.

If Carrots had done as he wished, every newsboy and bootblack in the lower portion of the city would have known that he and Teddy had gone regularly into business; but the latter was averse to proclaiming the news so soon.

"Better hold on a day or two, an' see how it pans out," the cautious merchant advised. "You see, if we should bust up the first thing, the fellows would laugh at us. We 're bound to stay a week, now the money 's paid; but how long a time is that to brag 'bout? I want ter know if we 're goin' to stick, before I say anything."

"When will you 'gree to tell the fellows?"

"If we can pay our bills an' have enough left to keep the stock up, by a week from to-day you shall go 'round to spread the news, an' I won't open my mouth till you 've seen every fellow you know."

This was satisfactory to the junior partner, and he promised to attend to his work in the lower portion of the city as if nothing out of the usual course of events had happened, even though the firm of Thurston & Williams had actually sprung into existence in a proper and a business-like manner.

(To be continued.)



BY FLORENCE E. PRATT.

A REGINALD BIRCH little boy
Met the sweetest of Greenaway girls;
She, dressed all in Puritan brown,
He, with cavalier ruffles and curls.

Her eyes were of solemnest brown,
Her hair was cropped close to her head.
His curls were a riot of gold,
His cheeks were of healthiest red.

They looked at each other awhile,
Gay gallant and Puritan maid;
Then the Reginald Birch little boy
Slowly and solemnly said:

"I wish *you* wore rufflety clothes!
I wish that *my* hair was cut short!

'Cause the boys call me 'missy' and 'girl,'
And it interferes so with my sport."

Said she, "Oh, I like pretty clothes,
And I *do* wish they 'd let my hair curl!
I wish *you* were a Greenaway boy,
And I was a Fauntleroy girl!"



LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY.

LITTLE Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry!
In the mountains of the moon

He is known as Pretty Soon;
And he 's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you 're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he 's asked to come or go,
Like his sister — Susan Slow.
Hope we 'll never — you nor I —
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

Clinton Scollard.

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VII.

JERUSALEM.

SOMETHING in the air of the beautiful country around the Sea of Galilee seemed to give its people tranquillity. Everybody was busy, indeed, and it was not difficult to earn a living where the needs of all were so simple. There was no contentment, however, for the yoke of the Roman foreigner pressed heavily, and so did the oppressions of Herod Antipas, whom no Jew could regard but as a foreigner, although his mother had been a Jewess. Every act of brutal cruelty and every merciless exaction which the Galileans suffered helped to keep them in mind of the prophecies of future freedom.

There had never been a time when all Jews were so busy with thoughts concerning the coming of a Messiah, and their fixed idea was that he was to be a glorious conqueror and king, one greater than David or Solomon, one who was to make the Jews the foremost nation on the earth.

Lois and Cyril saw each other almost daily, and all their thoughts and talk were about their father. They longed to know what had become of him, but there were no tidings.

"I wish father could come and see the Teacher and hear him," said Cyril, one day. He and Lois had been talking of the subject which was uppermost in the minds of the people, and Cyril had been studying the stockade at the Roman camp.

Lois was thoughtfully silent, and he went on:

"Father ought to be getting ready, if there is ever to be a rising against the Romans. He knows hosts of men all over the country. He knows old fighting-men, and they know him.

He could get them together, too, whenever the right time comes. Oh, if his right hand were sound, what things he could do!"

"The Nazarene is not often in Capernaum now," said Lois. "He is teaching and preaching among the villages, everywhere, and so many go to hear him."

"I wish I could see him do some new wonder!" exclaimed Cyril. "They'll forget all about the wine at Cana. I met a man who was at the wedding, and he said he thought I was mistaken in what was done."

For some undeclared reason, the Teacher, as all men except the rabbis called Jesus, was only teaching and preaching among the towns around the head of the lake. He was becoming widely known, however, as those who heard him carried news of his discourses, and as yet he had not made enemies.

The days and weeks wore on until the autumn went by, and then the winter, of that mild climate. The land grew green again with the swift growth of the spring crops. The time drew near for the annual Passover Feast, and every year a host of pious Galileans—all who were able—were sure to celebrate it at Jerusalem. When it was announced that Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples intended to go, most who heard took it as a matter of course, but it aroused enthusiasm in Cyril. "I am going," he said to Lois. "I cannot take thee this time; we have not money enough. But I must be with him at Jerusalem. Who knows what great works he will do when he gets there? Isaac Ben Nassur is going, and the Cana people."

"I wish I might go with thee!" said Lois. "Thou canst not wish to go more than I do. I want to see Jerusalem—I want to see the Temple. I long to see what the Master will do there."

"I wish I could take thee with me," said Cyril. "We will try to have more money for the journey next year. But he surely will not yet try to take Jerusalem; I do not think there will be any fighting this time. I do not see how he ever can take that great city; it is so strong. But he must take it some day, if he is the predicted king. Father says there will be a terrible battle, and I am to be in it. Our captain will have to raise an army from all over the country."

Lois made no reply to that. She had never been able to think as Cyril did of the Teacher. She could not imagine him with a sword in his hand, fighting other men.

One of Cyril's ideas had been that the journey of Jesus of Nazareth to Jerusalem would be like a royal progress, and that he would preach to crowds along the way as he was accustomed to do in Galilee. But Cyril was mistaken, for the Teacher traveled both quietly and rapidly. As for the boy himself, he believed he was safe in crossing the district of Samaria, so completely was he hidden among the crowds of Passover pilgrims. From these pilgrims the Samaritans kept away, and to them the Roman soldiers paid no manner of attention. The weather was glorious; not too warm for traveling, except in the middle of the day; and all the country was in bloom and green.

The Passover was to be eaten on the fifteenth day of the month Nisan, or April; but earlier than that multitudes began to gather at Jerusalem, from all parts of the world; for there were great preparations to be made beforehand. Some of these had reference to food and lodgings, but even more were connected with the sacrifices to be offered in the Temple.

The Temple, crowning a high hill, and visible from a great distance, was in a vast inclosure of strongly fortified walls. Within this there were several minor inclosures, separated by walls and by gates which were themselves important features of the gilded splendor of the most costly and beautiful place of worship on all the earth.

These inner inclosures were called "courts," and opened into one another. Beyond the outer court, none save those known to be Jews

could enter, and they only after ceremonial preparation. Nevertheless, the outer court, just within the Temple wall, was part of the Temple, the "sacred place," the "house of God." Because others than Jews were permitted to enter, it was called the Court of the Heathen or Gentiles. According to the scriptures, and all the teachings of the rabbis, this court was holy. Into it nothing unclean could be brought, In it nothing could be bought or sold, nor could any trade be carried on there. The entire area, and not a part only, was solemnly consecrated and set apart for worship. Nevertheless, so bad had become the management of the Temple affairs by the priests and other rulers, that during four weeks before the Passover all the laws were set aside, and this court was rented out to dealers in cattle and all sorts of merchandise, and to brokers who exchanged current coins—such as Jewish shekels and half-shekels, for the foreign coins brought by worshipers from other countries. The holy place, therefore, was lined with cattle-pens, the booths of tradesmen, the tables of money-changers, coops of doves, while droves of cattle and sheep, and swarms of buyers and sellers, shouting, jostling, bargaining, and even quarreling, turned the entire court into a sort of fair, where a vast amount of cheating, extortion, bribery, and other mischief went on continually.

If Cyril had heard of all this desecration of the Temple, he thought no more of it than did others, for it was a thing to which even those who condemned it had become accustomed.

The road from the north, by which the Galileans came, must wind among the hills as it nears Jerusalem, but at last, just after the city comes in sight, the road descends into a valley. When that is passed, there is a long ascent to the great gate in the high and massive wall that then guarded the capital of Judea.

Cyril's eagerness increased as he drew nearer, and at last the long procession of pilgrims he was with reached the ridge of the Mount of Olives, and he could see the city.

"Jerusalem is glorious!" he exclaimed. "What massive walls, and great towers! They say there is a whole legion of Roman soldiers camped near the city, and that the garrison inside is always very strong at Passover time.

What can our Nazarene do with them? He is going into the city."

Hardly a pause was made, indeed, by the Teacher and his friends. They were not hindered at the gate, and Cyril hardly allowed himself to wonder at the palaces and forts and other splendors as he followed close after Jesus of Nazareth up the steep street that led to the Temple. It would have taken him or anybody long enough to tell of what he saw by the way; the throngs of people from every nation he had ever heard of, the many different kinds of dress, the horses and their trappings, the chariots, the flowers and fruits, the shops and merchandise, the women in bright colors, the slaves, the soldiers in their armor, the men whom he knew to be gladiators, trained to fight in the terrible arena outside of the walls. It was still early in the forenoon of the bright April day when the Teacher passed into the outer court of the Temple. His face took on an expression of sadness and severity as he gazed upon the scene of traffic and confusion before him.

Only for a few moments, however, did Jesus linger and look. His friends from Galilee, as many as were with him, may have had errands of their own among the buyers and sellers, for when he suddenly turned and walked away out of the court, he went almost alone, only Cyril following, at a little distance, half breathless with awe and with an intense anxiety as to what might be about to come.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SCOURGE OF SMALL CORDS.

IN the city of Jerusalem, as in other Oriental cities, the several trades were not in every quarter, but the dealers in different wares generally kept separate. Cyril could not have found his own way to any quarter, but he could follow his captain, as he considered him, to a narrow street near by, mainly occupied by dealers in rope, cordage, and similar wares. There were also tent-makers in that street, and it was by the shop of one of these that the Teacher halted.

Hanging in front of the booth were quan-

ties of the small, strong, tough cords used for tent fastenings; and Cyril wondered to see the Teacher buy some of these.

Cyril and the dealer looked on with more than a little curiosity. A bunch of the cords were at first cut into lengths, and then the Teacher plaited them into a kind of whip, half as large at its beginning as a man's wrist.

Swiftly he worked and dexterously; and Cyril watched him from a little distance.

The whip, or "scourge," was soon finished; and he who had made it rolled it up and silently strode away toward the Temple, whither Cyril followed him.

Through the great gate and into the outer court they went; the hubbub of buying and selling was before them.

It seemed to be at its height. The unseemly disorder was even louder than usual. Sheep bleated, fowls crowed, cattle bellowed, men shouted to one another.

"What will he do?" exclaimed Cyril, for now the whip was raised above the head of the Master. Stern indeed was his face at that moment, as he drove forth the chaffering throng. Loud bellowed the beasts as they fled in terror, and loudly, for a moment, shouted their astonished and angry owners.

"They will turn and stone him!" was one quick thought in Cyril's mind; but it vanished.

Not even the cattle and the sheep fled more unresistingly than did the human beings from before that scourge and from the rebuking face of him who wielded it. The dealers in fowls caught up their coops and cages to hurry them away, but no such escape was permitted to the dealers in money. A moment before they had been sitting, in their customary insolent security, behind their tables, upon which were piled the various coins they dealt in. Of all the thieves who polluted the Temple they were the worst offenders. A punishment came to these men that they could feel more deeply than even the scourge, for the Teacher grasped the nearest table and scattered the ringing coins on the marble pavement, as he said:

"Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

Cyril thought for a moment of the armed guards of the Temple. They were there, truly,

but this was a matter that seemed to concern the Jews and their religion—not the guards at all, for the guards were Romans.

There was nothing, apparently, for Cyril to do, nor for any man of the throng which was

and the religious feeling of the Jewish people. Every rabbi and every pious Israelite would surely approve of what had been done.

"But the priests and the rulers—what will they think of it?" was a question in Cyril's



"JERUSALEM IS GLORIOUS!"

now gathering behind the Teacher. His own disciples were there, and a fast-increasing throng of sturdy Galileans, whose faces showed hearty approval of his course.

So the buying and selling which had so long polluted the outer court of the Temple came to an end. Cyril was a Jewish boy, and he could perfectly understand the acclamations that were arising so noisily on all sides. He knew that the Teacher from Nazareth had only acted in accordance with the public opinion

mind, and others felt as he did, for he heard one of the disciples say to another:

"It is written, 'The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.'"

The only criticism came from one of the Jewish bystanders, speaking as if for the others. He said, as questioning the Master's authority:

"What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?"

It sounded like an entirely reasonable question, considering what a responsibility had been

taken in enforcing the Temple law of holiness entirely without the authority of priest or ruler, and the reply was:

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

It did not appear to be an answer. It did

No more was said, but many were beginning to treasure the utterances of the Galilean Teacher, and this saying of his was not forgotten. Cyril could not then, nor for long afterward, have understood at all, if he had been told that Jesus really spoke of the tem-

ple of his own body. But in later times his answer was thus explained. All Cyril then knew was that the expulsion of the money-changers was a proof of power by one who would soon, he fully believed, draw the sword of a military leader, and become a captain of the house of Israel.

Just then he heard a voice behind him in tones of strong approval:

"He has done well. He is for the Law. He is of the house of David; he should be zealous for the Law."

Cyril turned to look into the glowing face of Isaac Ben Nassur. The cleansing of the Temple was in accordance with the strict principles of the learned rabbi, and Isaac's next words to Cyril were both cordial and affectionate:

"Come thou with us. Thou shalt eat thy Pass-over lamb with thine own kindred. Thou belongest with us."

This invitation was in keeping with Jewish custom, and Cyril went with Isaac. He felt himself, however, a very insignificant addition to the party, which included some of the most dignified men of Cana.

Isaac's wife, Hannah, was with him, and



THE MONEY-CHANGERS AND DEALERS EXPELLED FROM THE TEMPLE.

not offer even the sign demanded, for nobody could or would destroy the Temple; and the questioner responded:

"Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?"

there were other women belonging to the several families represented.

There were yet two days to be spent before the Passover itself; and Cyril at first knew hardly what to do with them. He heard, however, that the chief priests and the rulers of the Temple had immediately issued orders that the outer court of the Temple should be kept absolutely clear of everything and everybody prohibited by the Law.

A complete victory had therefore been gained. As for the Romans, or any other heathen, they did not care how strict might be the religious notions of anybody who did not meddle with their power to govern Judea and to collect the taxes.

Cyril's main idea, as soon as his mind began to clear a little, was to find out all he could about the Roman power. As he learned its extent, his respect for it grew. With the dawn of each day, he was out from among his friends bent upon learning all about Jerusalem. They, too, had much that required their attention, and did not give him a thought.

The walls were so high, that it seemed impossible for any enemy to get over them. There were towers, and there were guards at all the gates. The castles and forts were so many and so strong, and the soldiers were so warlike, so well trained, the city seemed unconquerable.

It made Cyril's heart sink, the day before the Passover, when he went out by the Roman camp and saw a legion of the men who had overcome the armies of all nations drawn up in glittering ranks to be reviewed by their officers, and by some great men who were there from Rome, and by some visiting princes from other provinces who were guests of the rulers of Judea. He asked himself sadly, how could the coming king of Israel gather a force strong enough to withstand the Roman legions, of which so many could be sent against him, or how could he drive them out of such a stronghold as the walled city Jerusalem?

CHAPTER IX.

HEROD'S AMPHITHEATER.

THE Passover feast was eaten with all solemnity, and Cyril went with Ben Nassur and his friends, before and afterward, to witness the

Temple sacrifices and to take part in the grand ceremonies. He heard the priests and Levites chant the psalms; he saw the smoke go up from the altars. It seemed to him that he had never before had any idea of what it was to be a Jew and to have a right in Jerusalem, the City of the Great King, the Holy Place, to which all the nations of the world were one day to come and worship. It was to be a wonderful kingdom; but, somehow, the more he thought about it and the more he saw, the smaller grew the idea which had brought him to the feast—the idea that Jesus of Nazareth was really the king who was to come. It had not seemed so incredible while he was among the hills of Galilee.

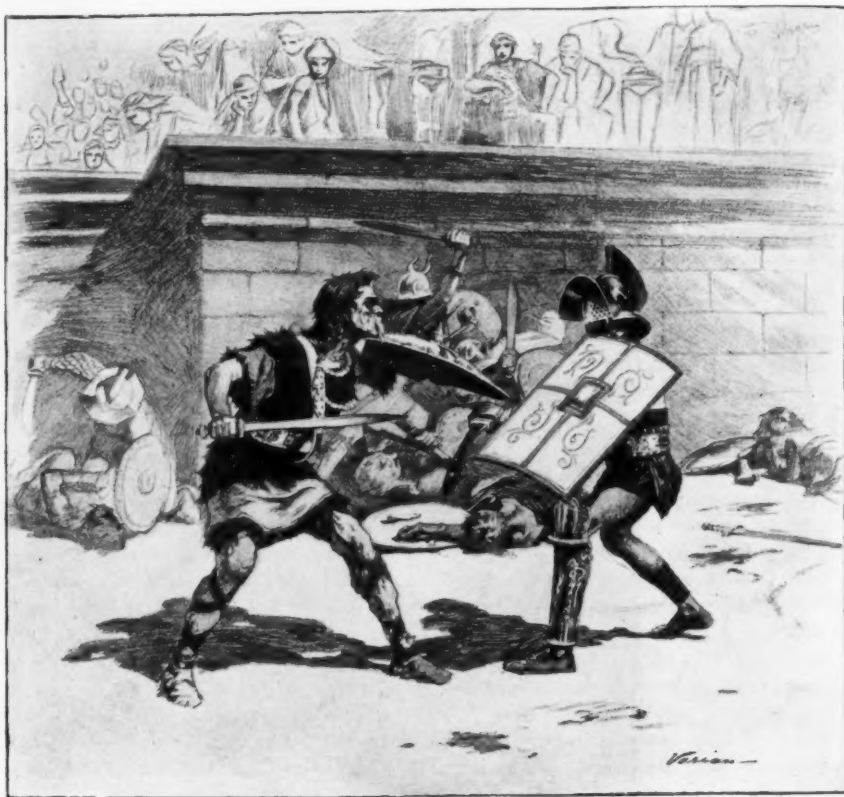
During the few days before Ben Nassur and his friends were to set out for home, Cyril saw hardly anything of the Teacher. On one of those days he went to the amphitheater, the circus which Herod the Great had built, at some distance from the city. He paid for a seat in one of the upper galleries. On the tiers of seats below him were all sorts of people, and far away, on the opposite side of the vast arena, the sandy level in the middle, he saw, in the lower tier, a canopied place that was furnished magnificently. In it there were throne-seats, and on them sat King Herod Antipas, Pontius Pilatus, the Roman governor, two Roman generals, with other distinguished men, and a number of richly dressed women, some of whom wore brilliant tiaras or coronets upon their heads. He stared at them for a few minutes, and at the tremendous throng of people, but after that he thought only of what was going on in the arena.

There were chariot races; and Cyril could not help being intensely excited by the mad rush of the contending teams, while all the thousands who looked on shouted and raved. After the races, however, came scenes some of which made him shudder. There were foot-races and boxing-matches, but these were soon over, and then there were contests between pairs of swordsmen, spearmen, clubmen, and the like, in which the fights went on until one of the combatants was slain. Close upon the last of these duels, bands of gladiators marched in from opposite sides of the arena, and charged

each other like detachments of soldiers upon a real battle-field. The fighting was furious and desperate, but one side was soon beaten, for the parties had not been equal. One party had been trained warriors, professional gladiators, and the other only common men, captives taken in a recent raid of Pilate's soldiers upon a wild tribe beyond the Dead Sea. They were

come, he would never permit such cruelty as this! I ought not to be here! I will not come again!"

It was no place for him, and yet he had all the while been thinking of some things that he had seen, and of more that he had heard, of the dealings of Herod and of the Romans with such Jews as had offended them.



"THERE WERE CONTESTS BETWEEN SWORDSMEN."

brave enough, but they were put there only to be killed for the amusement of the great men and of the multitude. So were the poor victims with whom the day's exhibition closed, for they were driven into the arena, half armed, to contend as best they could with a number of hungry lions, tigers, leopards, and hyenas, which were loosed upon them from their dens under the tiers of seats.

"Oh!" thought Cyril, "If our king were to

"They seem," he said to himself, "to enjoy putting our people to death, just as they enjoy the suffering of captives and gladiators in the circus. The king will drive out these wicked Romans when he comes and takes the kingdom."

Cyril had something new to hear that night, his last night in Jerusalem. Rabbi Isaac, during the first few days after his arrival, had had a hard time of it; so many people had inquired

of him concerning Jesus of Nazareth, the Galilean Teacher, and particularly about the wonder performed at Isaac's house, in turning water into wine. The rabbi had firmly declared all he knew, but the dread of having to tell it over and over had inclined him to keep away from questioners. Of any other marvelous things which had been done in Galilee he knew nothing. Neither did Cyril, but now something entirely new and positive had come. The Nazarene, as some men called Jesus, had been healing sick people in Jerusalem during the Passover season—not a few, but many. His fame was growing rapidly, and the Passover pilgrims would carry news of him not only to every corner of the land of Canaan, but to other lands—to the very ends of the earth.

Ben Nassur said that he wished he had seen some of these marvelous cures; but his regret was slight compared to that of Cyril.

"I did not think he would heal the sick in the city," he said. "Yet I might have known the Teacher would do wonderful works. But I have learned all about Jerusalem."

"Thou hast done well enough," said Isaac. "Thou art only a youth. What wonder he has healed the sick? He is of the house of David. He is now a rabbi, truly. But Nathanael is wrong, for he is not the coming king of Israel. They will never anoint him. No, no, my son; he will never be the Anointed."

Cyril was silent. Ben Nassur had spoken in Hebrew, and the words he used, "the Anointed," were the very words which, translated through the Greek and Latin tongues into our own, are "the Christ."

Cyril went to sleep that night with the determination to cease his sight-seeing about the city. He would keep as close as he could to the Teacher, so that he might see him do works as remarkable as that which he had done at Cana.

Perhaps Isaac had formed a like purpose,

but it was too late, for almost the first words Cyril heard from him the next morning were these:

"The son of Joseph of Nazareth hath departed for Galilee. It is time for us also to go. Get thee ready. We shall see, now, what he will do in his own country."

It was all in vain that Ben Nassur and his friends prepared in haste, for Jesus and his disciples were a day's journey on their way. As for Cyril, he felt that a misfortune had befallen him!

"I long to see the wonderful works he is doing," he thought; "and I shall not be with him."

And indeed many were healed all along the homeward way. Ben Nassur and those who were with him heard accounts of these events from place to place. He had worked wonders even at and near Samaria. When they reached Cana, the Master had been there already. He had preached there, and he had healed the sick; then he had gone onward toward Capernaum.

"My son," said the rabbi to Cyril, with great dignity of manner, "I will go to Capernaum myself. There have been many rabbis who have healed the sick. It is wonderful, but I have heard of such marvels; yet it is my duty to see it done."

So the wise and learned rabbi hardly paused in his journey save to sleep one night at his own house in Cana. He even bade Cyril go forward that very evening, promising to follow in the morning.

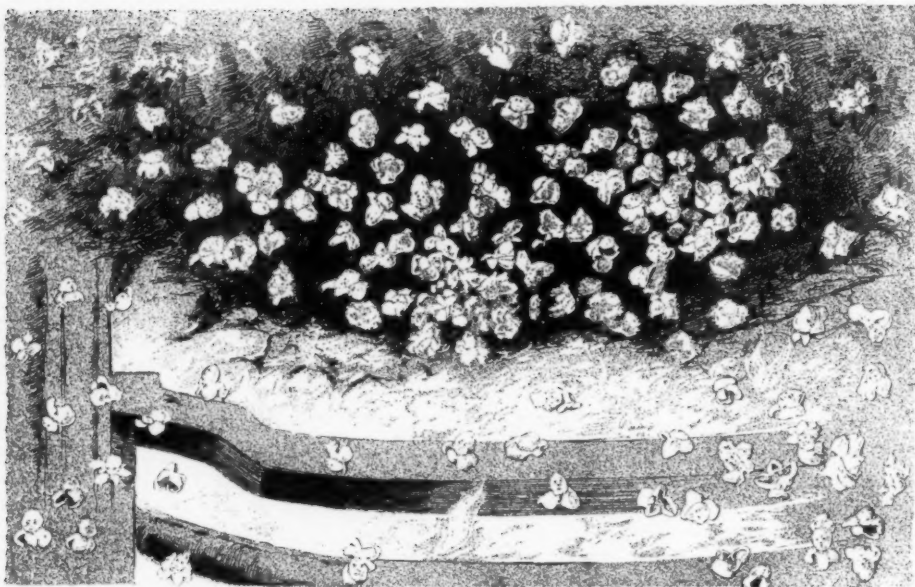
"It will be the sixth day," he said. "I must be in Capernaum to hear him preach in the synagogue on the Sabbath."

"Simon is living at Capernaum now," said Cyril. "Thou wilt find me at his house. I shall see Lois, too, and she will tell me all she has heard about the Teacher, and where he is to preach."

(To be continued.)

POP-CORN PEOPLE.

BY PEARL RIVERS.



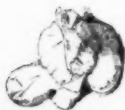
HERE are some Pop-corn People
Who have just popped out of the coals,
All dressed as if for a wedding—
Bless their dear little souls!



Here is Ching Chang from China,
Lacking his long pigtail;
And here is a hale old Scotchman,
Barring his cakes and ale.



Here is Sir Walter Raleigh,
And a well-known Spanish don;
And look! by the veil of the
Prophet!



A Turk with his turban on.





Here is a sweet young lady,
Who comes with a little page;
She wears a ruff that betokens
The Elizabethan age.



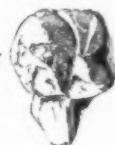
Here is a pop-corn "Brownie"
That our dear Palmer Cox
Has n't put to work in a picture,
Ready to row or to box.



This is a Humpty-Dumpty
And a jester of the court,
And this is a jolly sailor,
Just from a foreign port.



"The top o' the mornin' ter yez!"—
Why, here are Bridget and Pat,
Who have just arrived from the Cove of
Cork—
Is anything plainer than that?



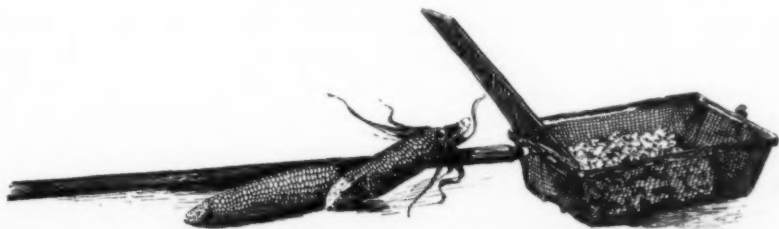
Here, with her "*tête poudrée*,"
Is a stately dame from France;
And here is a Choctaw Indian,
Asking her out to dance.



Dear little Pop-corn People!
Pop!—pop!—pop!—
They are coming too fast to count them,
But it seems that they cannot stop.

White little, light little people!
Bright little people all!
No wonder the "fire-fairy"
Is treating them to a ball!

Now children, note—and remember—
These new folk, face by face,
Whom I was the first to discover—
This dear little, queer little race!



HOW THE SLIDE WAS SPOILED.



ONE Friday there was a heavy fall of snow, and some small boys and girls laid plans for a good time on Saturday. They made a great many snow-balls, and piled them in heaps ready for the next day. They made a slide down the side of a little hill, jumping on the snow until it was smooth and hard, and then poured pails of water over the slide to make it icy and slippery. All was done by dinner-time, and the children ran home, thinking how much fun they would have on Saturday.

No sooner were the children gone than a little bear passed that way. It was his birthday, and he had on his best coat and trousers, but he had not had any presents. Mr. and Mrs. Bruin had meant to give him some honeycomb, but the farmer who kept bees bought a big dog about that time, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruin could not get the honey for their son Smiler.

So Smiler Bruin was a little cross, and was walking about the woods and growling to himself. But when he came to the slide that the children had

made, and saw the piles of snow-balls, he lost his ill humor, and was very glad. "Oh!" he cried, "how kind of somebody! They made this nice slide for a surprise. I will give a party and ask all my friends." He ran off, as fast as he could go through the deep snow, and told all the little bears he knew to come to his Slide and Snowball Party. Ten of them could come, and trotted after Smiler, who led the way, as proud as he could be.

The water had frozen on the slide, and it was as smooth as any little bear-cub could wish. All said that Smiler should have the first slide; and, taking a good run, he spread his legs wide apart, and sailed grandly down the hill, while all the little bears clapped their paws and growled joyfully.

But, when Smiler came to the foot of the hill, his claws hit a branch that was just under the top of the snow, and Smiler went paws over nose into a deep drift, and had to be pulled out by the heels.

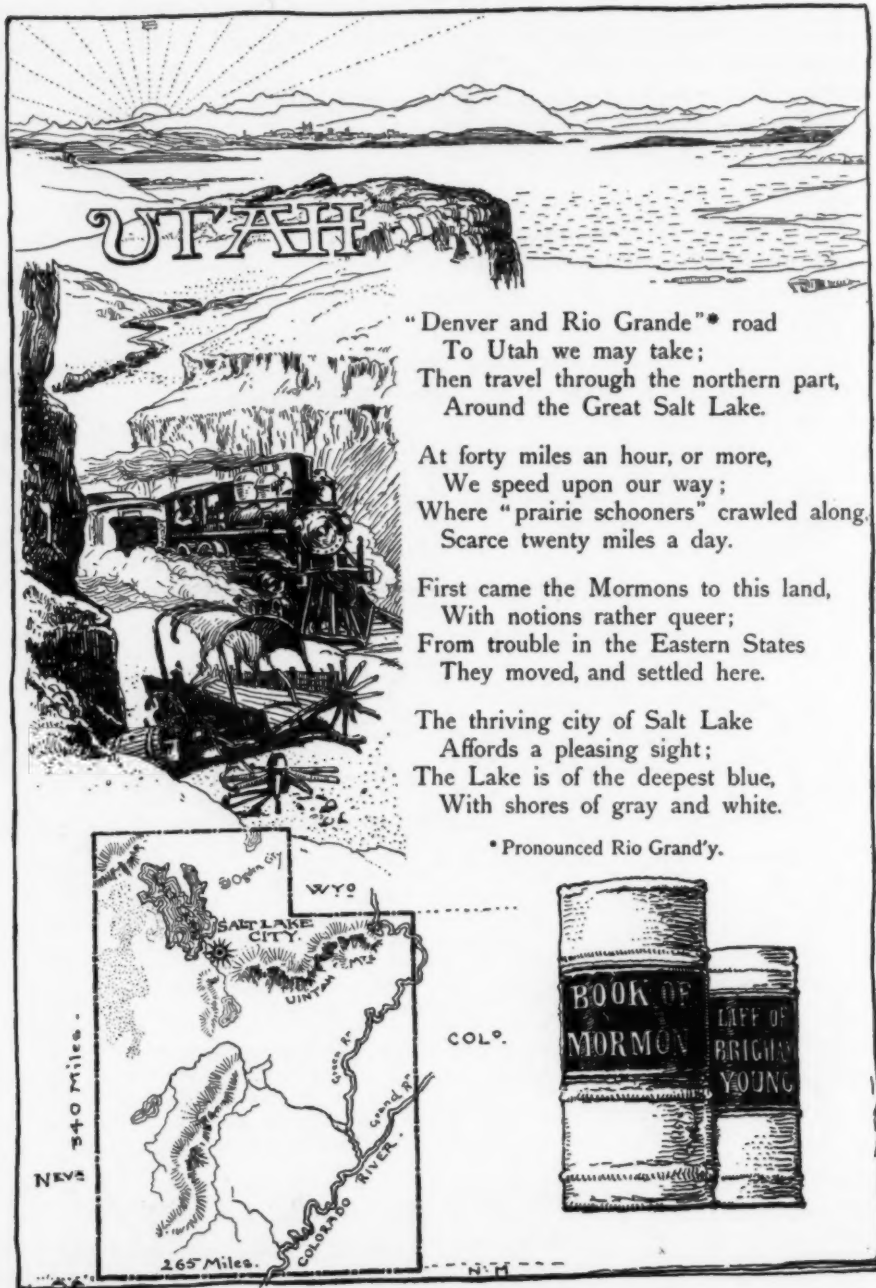
Then the little bears went down the slide, one by one, as fast as they could go. And they threw all the snowballs at each other. Every time a bear was hit, he did not like it much; but all the others did, so he had to laugh. Well!—when Smiler's birthday party was over the children's snowballs were all smashed, and the slide was all scratched up, and the children never knew who did it.



ELEVEN Humpty Dumptys sitting on a wall.
 One could n't quite get on, he was so plump and small.
 One said: "Let's go right off and get some bread and jam."
 One said: "I don't want to—I'll stay here where I am."
 One spied a little ant in a crevice of the stone.
 One said: "You'll hurt him! Just let that ant alone!"
 One watched the far-off clouds like a poet yet unknown.
 One said: "I'm a-goin'," and one replied: "Well, go!"
 One said: "We two fellows are the last ones in the row."
 One said: "I know it," though he really did n't know,
 For, while he spoke, a little chap had climbed up from below.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



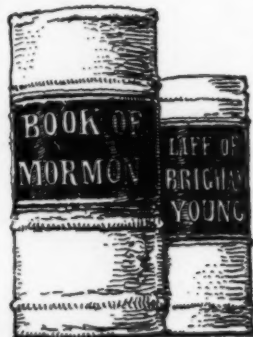
"Denver and Rio Grande"* road
To Utah we may take;
Then travel through the northern part,
Around the Great Salt Lake.

At forty miles an hour, or more,
We speed upon our way;
Where "prairie schooners" crawled along,
Scarce twenty miles a day.

First came the Mormons to this land,
With notions rather queer;
From trouble in the Eastern States
They moved, and settled here.

The thriving city of Salt Lake
Affords a pleasing sight;
The Lake is of the deepest blue,
With shores of gray and white.

* Pronounced Rio Grand'y.



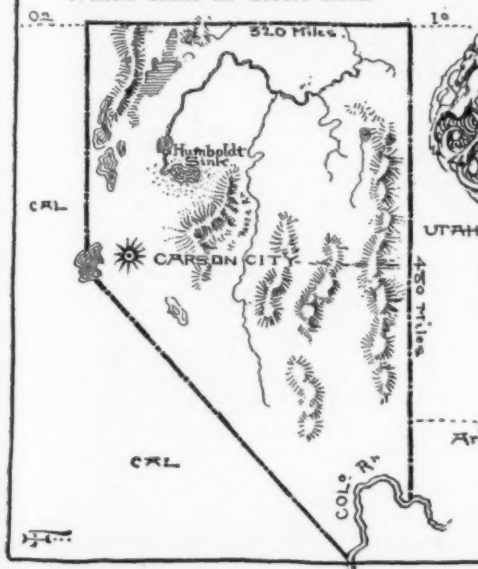
NEVADA

To Utah now we'll say good-by,
And, toward the "Golden Gate,"
We'll cross Nevada's boundary line
Near a corner of the State.

Nevada has a climate dry,
With very little rain;
But while her gold and silver last
Her people won't complain.

From this State's many famous mines
Much silver has come out;
And Carson, capital of the State,
Was named for "Kit," the scout.

Nevada has the queerest stream—
A stream that ends on land;
The Humboldt River it is called,
Which sinks in desert sand.



THE LETTER-BOX.



CHINESE CHILDREN ON THEIR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

AN item in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit Department of our November issue, under the heading, "Reading by Letter," introduced some bright lines entitled "Quite a Spell." They were copied from a newspaper clipping that bore neither their author's name nor that of the newspaper. The editor of *Sr. NICHOLAS* has learned that the verses were originally written twelve years ago by Mr. Herwick C. Dodge, and she gladly gives him due credit at this earliest opportunity.

READERS of the "Letters to a Boy," by Robert Louis Stevenson, which are completed in this number, will be interested in reading the account which follows, of a Samoan picnic at Papasea, shown in the illustration on page 310. We reprint the description of this picnic from the article "Samoa: the Isles of the Navigators," published in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for May, 1889:

An experience in which every stranger visiting Apia is invited to indulge is a jaunt of about three miles to what is known as *Papasea*, a sheet of water falling over smooth rocks, where he is introduced to the novelties of a Samoan picnic, which is in reality a day's frolic in the water.

Generally the party is decided upon several days previously, so that an ample supply of refreshments may be prepared and sent ahead early in the morning, cooked in the Samoan fashion, with hot stones, in the ground.

At about eight o'clock, while the dew is still on the leaves, dusky maidens, resplendent with cocoanut oil, and

attired in festal wreaths of flowers and bright-colored *lava-lava*, assemble with the young men and invited guests at the appointed place preparatory to the march. Shouting, laughing, and singing, they spring lightly along the path leading to the falls, and, as soon as they arrive, one after another eagerly jump into the clear, cool pool of water at the base of the falls, diving and splashing in the water with screams of laughter and delight that make the valley ring with their enthusiasm. The greatest feat, which, when first attempted, fairly takes the breath away, is to go above the rocks over which the stream rushes, and with three or four seated together, toboggan-fashion, slide over the smooth rock for a distance of eighteen feet, at an angle of forty degrees, and plunge into the pool below. The sensation produced is indescribable, and can hardly be imagined unless realized. After spending a few hours in the water, it is forsaken to partake of dinner, served upon banana leaves for plates, and with fingers for forks. Then all return to the aquatic sports, which are kept up until it is time to return home.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wished that your little readers might see Chinatown in San Francisco during the celebration of the Chinese New Year's day. It is not ushered in soberly and quietly, as we receive our January 1, but with noise and color, feasting and gaiety.

The custom of giving presents is universal; even the laundrymen carry packages of nuts and Chinese candy to the houses where they serve, and the cooks and other house-servants often give very beautiful and valuable presents to their employers. The prettiest gift, though, is the Chinese lily, or narcissus. On the day preceding the festival men may be seen carrying on their heads

great trays filled with blue-and-white bowls, in which blossom the growing bulbs of the national flower.

The Chinese children always have a great fascination for me. They carry themselves with conscious dignity in their gorgeous holiday dresses of purples, yellows, bright greens, and vivid pinks, and they may be seen in great numbers with pots of lilies, toddling along on their unsteady little shoes, enjoying in their sober fashion the bursting bombs and fire-crackers that shower about them.

During the New Year's festival the government offices are closed for a month, and most of the shops for at least three days. The streets are swept, which is to them a most unusual attention; and the restaurants and joss-houses are polished and bedecked with all their brightest hangings and cushions.

The inscription in Chinese characters which is seen on the left of the sketch of Chinese children is the usual Chinese New Year's greeting: "Good luck for the New Year."

Let me echo it for all the little friends of our good saint. Yours sincerely,

ALBERTINE RANDALL WHEELAN.

AUCHNADROCHIT, AOROH BRAE, LOCH DORNOCH,
ROSS-SHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and I have taken you for three years. I have never been out of Scotland—indeed, I have never been out of this county, so I am doubly interested to hear about other countries. My mother promised to give me ST. NICHOLAS as soon as I could speak English, for we speak nothing but Gaelic here. And now I ride down to the nearest post-office—ten miles from here—every month for you. I have very few books, so you may imagine how I like to get you. I am the only girl among ten brothers, and they are all older than myself, except two, Ronald and Donald, who are six-year-old twins, and never out of mischief. Yesterday they let some sheep, that were going to be sold, out of the paddock, and we had such a hunt for them! You must know we live on a large sheep-farm, with three thousand sheep, and ten beautiful collie dogs, one of which belongs to me. My father gave him to me when he was a puppy, four years ago. I have sent him to several shows since. He has taken two first prizes and one second. My father gave him to me because one day one of the dogs went mad. I was out riding, and suddenly I met him rushing along, all foaming. I knew in a minute he was mad, and feared that he would bite some one. I turned my horse, and galloped back as hard as I could. I was then six miles from home, but I never stopped galloping all the way. When I got home, I ran and got my rifle; and I was n't a moment too soon, for when I had gone but a little way from the house the dog came galloping round a corner, and I fired. He just ran a few paces toward me, and then fell dead.

As so many children write about their pets, I will just tell you about ours. I have a big dark-chestnut horse, and an old gray pony, and one lovely Highland cow. And Ronald and Donald have a very ugly black mongrel puppy that follows them wherever they go, an old cart-horse that is past work, and two goats that they drive in a little cart.

With best wishes for a long life to you, I remain your admiring reader,
MARGARET MACD—.

FOREST ROAD, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few months ago you gave us a ballad on Nottingham Fair. I liked it very much, and

wish to tell you that on the third, fourth, and fifth of October it was Nottingham Fair once more.

It is by no means such a large fair as formerly; but, for all that, many thousand people attend it.

I live five minutes' walk from the caves where Robin Hood hid himself so securely. Nottingham means the Home of Caves.

You would have hard work to find the far-famed forest, for houses have taken the place of trees; but still Robin's memory is kept green by our volunteers, who are called "The Robin Hood," and wear a green uniform in imitation of his "Lincoln Green."

I have taken you for many years, and once fancied you were not "grown up" enough for me, so I tried—well, I will not say which magazine—with the result that I quickly took you again, and mean to stick to you all my life.

Yours sincerely,

NELL C—.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are little twin brothers, aged ten. We are going to Yale when we get big. Our papa went to Yale, and had a doggie that followed him to class one day, like Mary's little lamb, and would bark when any one said "Yale."

He took us to the games yesterday, when Cambridge played Yale, which beat.

I am writing this, though Allan wants to. We love our country and ST. NICHOLAS and Yale.

Your loving readers,

ALLAN AND BRANSCOMBE T—.

OFICINA LA PALMA, CHILE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you, as I do not remember seeing a letter from Chile in your magazine. We live in one of the nitrate oficinas on the Tarapaca Pampa. The pampa is a sand desert. Nothing grows on it except a few trees called *tamarugales*, and some low bushes. It never rains, but a thick sea fog comes up from the coast, called the *camanchaca*. When it is very heavy, it looks like clouds driving along the ground; everything gets quite wet. The only water to be had is brackish, and is used for driving the machinery, and for washing and watering the animals. The drinking-water has to be condensed.

There are about two hundred mules in the corral, besides horses, sheep, and lambs. It is my little sister Queenie's and my delight to go and see them with father. They are fed on *pasto*, which comes from the South or from some little valleys in the Cordilleras ten thousand feet high. They bring flowers down too.

I have a dear little horse of my own. It has three names—"Prince Charming," "Nubbles," and "Bunnyboy," because it is always moving its nose. Sometimes Queenie rides a mare now. She likes a mule because it goes much quicker, and she likes trotting. I have no end of pets. "Chueco" I like best; he is a funny little dog, a dachshund. He sits up and begs and pretends to be dead when we say "Muerto." I have also a big green, red, blue, and yellow loro or parrot; he calls us all by name, laughs, sings, and whistles, and has learned to cough since we had the whooping-cough; and two ringdoves, two canaries, and two fat, fluffy white rabbits.

In February we went to an oasis in the desert called Pica. It is a small village, and nearly every one has a vineyard and fruit-trees; the fruit is sold in the oficinas and in Iquique. There are also springs of water, some of which are quite hot; the visitors and natives bathe in them.

I am ten years old. Every one says I am very tall and fat for my age. I do not think many of your little friends weigh ninety-seven pounds at that age. Mother is going to take me home to school. I am longing to see

my brothers, who are studying in Edinburgh. Herrmann, the eldest, has just left college; he is first this year, and has won a prize. I hope you will print my letter. I remain ever your loving friend,

NELITA W.—

TIMBER RIDGE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have wanted to write to you ever since I read Mr. Roosevelt's "Remember the Alamo," because I live on the very spot where General Sam Houston was born. My grandfather lived for years in the old Houston house, and then built this brick house on the site of the old cottage, using the banisters from the old Houston staircase in the back porch, where they are still to be seen. One door has several bullet-holes in it.

In the yard is an old, old tree with the marks and holes still in it where his father had his cider-press. People from Texas come here almost every summer "to see where Sam Houston was born and lived" until he was a big boy and went to Tennessee.

His grandson was here this summer, and can whistle Mexican tunes, and whistle two parts at one time, which is very wonderful.

My uncle John Barr has sent ST. NICHOLAS since before I was born—ever since ST. NICHOLAS was born. My oldest brother got it when he was little, and it still comes. I would not know what to do for something nice to read and look at if I had not dear old friend ST. NICHOLAS.

I am twelve years old. I like to read Mr. Roosevelt's tales because he is so *American*,—and so am I.

Your true friend, SYD T.—

FRANKFORT, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would tell you about our kitten. When he was very small Grandma Young gave him to me, and mama had to feed him with a spoon for three weeks. He was so hungry for the milk that mama could hardly hold him. He looked so ugly with the milk all over him that we thought he would never be a pretty kitten. He had no mother to teach him to wash his face. He was a great big cat before he learned. Mama thought she would teach him to lap milk like other kittens, but he would put his paws in the milk and suck them. Now he is a handsome big cat, and does a great many cute things. We hold a hoop in one hand and scratch on the floor with the other, and he will run and jump through it. We have a fur rug with a leopard on it in the parlor, and when we don't know where he is we go in there, and are sure to find him lying on the rug. I believe he thinks it is his mother. He kisses it and rubs his head against it as if he loved it. One night mama heard a great noise in the kitchen; when she went out she found him with a little gray mouse, the first one he ever caught. He played with it for about two hours, and then he ate it. He watches every night at the same place where he caught that one. My little sister Marjorie dresses him up in her doll clothes. His name is "Timmie," and we love him dearly.

Lovingly, your little friends,

LAWRENCE and MARJORIE S.—

HOPE HOUSE, SOUTH PARK, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old. I take ST. NICHOLAS. I often read the letters the little boys and girls write you, and I thought I should like to write you one myself. I had a little steamboat, and one day while my brother was getting up steam the boiler burst. I have been to Ramsey, Isle of Man, and

my brother caught a lot of fish. In two mornings he caught fifteen. There are beautiful rocks at Ramsey, and beautiful glens on the Isle of Man. My father took us to Dhoon Glen, which was very beautiful. When we were at the bottom it took us three quarters of an hour to climb up. We saw the great Laxey water-wheel. We went in a steamer round the island, and saw Peel Castle, Port St. Mary, Port Erin, and Douglas, and we hope some day to go to the same place again. We enjoyed it so much. We have a beautiful cathedral at Lincoln, many hundreds of years old, and an old Roman arch which was built before the time of Christ. There is a nice stream of water called the Foss Dyke, which joins the river Witham to the river Trent, on which we often have a pleasant row. I remain your loving reader,

WILLIAM CAREY H.—

MARIPOSA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old. I have a little dog; she is spotted. She helps me herd the turkeys. We have one hundred. We live in the mountains; it is very brushy and rocky.

My aunt has sent you to me two years. I like you very much. Your loving reader,

CHESLEY B. C.—

POONA, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the second time I have written to you since I began to read you, nearly three years ago.

I am very fond of you, and I would miss you very much if I had to go without you. The stories I am most interested in are "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Teddy and Carrots: Two Merchants of Newspaper Row," and "A Boy of the First Empire."

There is a Hindu temple about three miles from here, called Parbatti. It is on a hill, and to get to it nearly a hundred steps have to be climbed. The Hindu god Gunput is worshipped in this temple.

Near it is a small room from which a rajah, or king, watched the battle of Kirkee; and when he saw that the English had won, and his side had lost, he fled.

Poona is a large military station and a very pretty place. It was the last capital of the Peshwas, as the former rulers of Poona used to be called. It is surrounded by beautiful hills, although they are not very high.

I like India, but I prefer America to it. I have been here nearly three years since we returned from America, and I lived here three years before we went home. I am ten years old now. I remain, your fond reader,

FLORA L. R.—

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I've just been reading over the letters in the "Letter-box."

I'm very fond of ST. NICHOLAS, and don't know what I'd do without it. Mama gets books out of the library, and some are taken from ST. NICHOLAS. I've written a pretty long letter, but I want to say something more before I stop. I'm eleven years old to-day. Your faithful reader,

ANNIE BELL B.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Philip H. Girard, Frances C. R., Katharine Kellogg, Estofanita More, Olie M. Rice, Julia Marshall, H. W. and C. W., Katharine Johnston, E. T. Brooks, Annie L. B., Henry S. Wilson, Edgar B. Peck, Alaine Malcolm, Madeline C. Raby, Francis Medary.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTIC. Finals, S; third row, concerts. Cross-words: 1. Arca. 2. Eros. 3. Dons. 4. Lacs. 5. Fees. 6. Mars. 7. Tots. 8. Mess.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Henry Clay. Cross-words: 1. Helmet. 2. Elephant. 3. Nut. 4. Rabbit. 5. Yacht. 6. Crab. 7. Last. 8. Anvil. 9. Yak.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Madam.
LABYRINTH OF PROVERBS.

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L--I--N--G--S   L--F--A--L--O   R--D--S--O--F   R
|               |               |               |
L--R--E--H--T   A--R--E--T   L--F--R--A--E
|               |               |               |
O--S--A--T--O   H--T--E--T   F--B--O--H--E--F   H
|               |               |               |
R--N--C--E--N   A--H--B--S--J   E--C--T--A--E
|               |               |               |
A--O--M--O--S--S   A--N--N--O--N   K--T--O--C--E

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ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Boone. Cross-words: 1. Bison. 2. Mouse. 3. Moose. 4. Crane. 5. Eagle.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Jersey Quartette" — L. O. E. — Walter L. Haight — "One of Five Cousins" — "Two Little Brothers" — Josephine Sherwood — Jo and I — Sigourney Fay Nininger — "Two Romans."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul Reese, 10 — "Brynild," 4 — Hal Dunbar, 1 — F. Farley and F. Coleman, 2 — E. Baldwin Goetter, 1 — Paul Davidson, 1 — Daniel Hardin, Jr., 1 — G. B. Dyer, 8 — No name, St. Louis, 1 — Paul Haskell, 1 — Alice C. G., 1 — "Four Weeks of Kane," 8 — Mama and Margie Roche, 5 — Lucia Connor, 1 — Helen Taylor, 2 — Mary Rake, 1 — Herbert E. Coe, 1 — Hazel Van Wagenen, 1 — Walter P. Anderton and Aunt, 2 — "Sand-crabs," 10 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — "Embla," 8 — Emmitt E. Gattus, 1 — Amy G. Olyphant, 1 — Helen G. Elliott, 7 — "Willmat and Co.," 8 — Marguerite Sturdy, 10 — "The Kittiwake," 10 — Betty, 5 — Georgia E. Bugbee, 9 — "Edgewater Two," 10 — "Will O. Tree," 5 — Paul Rowley, 9 — Marjory Gane, 6 — "Brownie Band," 9 — "Chiddingstone," 9 — Frederick Vager, 9 — Charles Travis, 8 — W. V. W., 9 — W. and E. G. L., 10 — No name, Hackensack, 9 — Helen Rogers, 8 — "Zeta Psi," 3 — "Marley and Scrooge," 7 — Florentine, 4 — "Half a Dozen," 3 — "Three Brownies," 10 — Franklin Farnsworth, 9 — Jessie Buchanan, 3 — "Merry and Co.," 10 — Laura M. Zinser, 6 — Jean Eggleston, 8 — "Grateful Grinners," 10 — E. C. E., 8 — Evangeline Parsons, 1.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. V. 2. Nap. 3. Vault. 4. Plaid. 5. Tired. 6. Demon. 7. Doted. 8. Negro. 9. Drain. 10. Oiled. 11. Net. 12. D.

CHARADE. Sau-sage.

SUBTRACTIONS. 1. Re-v-el. 2. No-v-el. 3. Me-d-al. 4. Col-on. 5. Cur-v-e. 6. Le-ver. 7. Li-lac. 8. Li-v-e. 9. Pla-c-id. 10. V-ague. 11. Be-v-e-l.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Crow. 2. Rare. 3. Orbs. 4. West.

HIDDEN BOYS. 1. Percival. 2. David. 3. Owen. 4. Henry. 5. Otis. 6. Amos. 7. Patrick. 8. Otho. 9. Lionel. 10. Oliver. 11. Anthony. 12. Ralph. 13. Moses. 14. Felix. 15. Horace. 16. Clement. 17. Cyril. 18. Francis.

HIDDEN GIRLS. 1. Frances. 2. Elinor. 3. Victoria. 4. Mary. 5. Dorcas. 6. Cora. 7. Madeline. 8. Barbara. 9. Melissa. 10. Agatha. 11. Ethel. 12. Jane. 13. Catherine. 14. Adeline. 15. Samantha. 16. Sophia. 17. Sarah. 18. Blanche. 19. Melinda. 20. Maud.

other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular American writer of poems.

EDNA C. S.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Cavities. 2. A large bird. 3. Plunged. 4. A masculine name. 5. A Shakespearean character. DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A conjunction. 3. A young boy. 4. Wicked. 5. To separate. 6. A Roman emperor. 7. A Portuguese tile. 8. A pronoun. 9. In rhomboid. G. B. FERNALD.

OCTAGON.

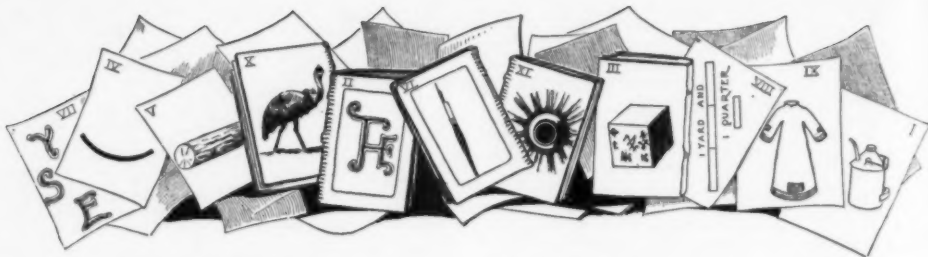
I. A NAME of the letter Z. 2. An African quadruped. 3. Flowed out. 4. To fear in a great degree. 5. To annex. SAMUEL SYDNEY.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

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THE letters represented by stars spell the surname of a famous poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A kind of crossbow formerly used for shooting stones. 2. Twelve o'clock. 3. Substance. 4. Military stores of all kinds. 5. Pertaining to rural life and scenes. 6. A king's daughter. 7. A trader. 8. To ponder over. MARY D. KITTREDGE.

**ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.**

EACH of the eleven small pictures may be described by one word. The eleven words are all of the same length. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a very famous English author.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in love, but not in hate;
My second, in soon, but not in late;
My third is in lunch, but not in fête;
My fourth is in dish, but not in plate;
My fifth is in Katharine, but not in Kate;
My sixth is in postern, but not in gate;
My seventh is in value, but not in rate;
My eighth is in eat, and also in ate;
My ninth is in orange, but not in date;

My whole is a poem, of a lot

Written by Sir Walter Scott.

KATHARINE HUEY (AGED TEN YEARS).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a small American quadruped.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small fresh-water fish. 2. To lose heart. 3. A small pleasure-boat. 4. A runner. 5. A domestic fowl. 6. Misfortune. 7. A very small, light boat.

HERBERT J. SIDMONS.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To produce a harsh sound by rubbing. 2. A masculine name. 3. Once more. 4. A thin plate of metal. 5. Sea eagles.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A hard exterior surface. 2. A governor. 3. Extreme. 4. To crowd. 5. Salvagers.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Aroma. 2. A light boat. 3. To enrich. 4. A running knot. 5. A pipe or funnel.
IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A pupil in a military school. 2. A genus of tropical plants. 3. Gift. 4. The great epic poem of Virgil. 5. Dilatory.
V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Wants. 2. The fruit of the oak. 3. A small country of Asia. 4. The carcass of a whale after the blubber has been removed. 5. Protuberances. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

CUBE.

	1	2

5	6
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.	3	4
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7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a collection of books; from 1 to 3, ornamental folds in a headdress; from 2 to 4, more juvenile; from 3 to 4, a pattern; from 5 to 6, nations; from 5 to 7, exhibited in a showy manner; from 6 to 8, specimens; from 7 to 8, injures; from 1 to 5, a light-producing apparatus; from 2 to 6, vegetables which grow in warm climates; from 4 to 8, small quadrupeds; from 3 to 7, a winter plaything.

"MERRIE CHRISTMAS."

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

EACH blank is to be filled by a word of six letters. No two words are alike, though the same six letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the six missing words.

A studio here greets the view,
With here and there a brush or two;
An easel of the * * * * * kind,
For use conveniently designed;
A quaint old rug, an antique chair,
Confusion, pictures everywhere.
Queer old * * * * * and flagons, too,
And drapery of * * * * * blue.
A girl, in gown of olden days
(Not such as meets our modern gaze,
With ruffles * * * * * and airy bows),
Dainty and fair, no furbelows;
She holds a rose with * * * * * fair,
Filling the room with perfume rare.
A studio, an artist, too,
Some skilful touches, just a few.
A * * * * * on the easel lies,
The work is done—the artist sighs.

E. K. H.



THE SARABAND.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. ROYBET, IN THE SALON OF 1895. BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD VALADON & CO.
(SEE PAGE 436.)